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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1927 — NUMBER 38

Notes of a Rapid Reader

BLACK APRIL. By *Julia Peterkin.*

THE negro is getting literary justice at last. He used to be comic relief or heavy pathos; even Uncle Remus was only an interlocutor. But now they are making novels and poetry about the sophisticated negro of the northern cities, and here is a richly colored study of his poetic barbarism in the low countries of the South. Education does educate—a little. "Black April" could not have been written before "The Golden Bough" and our new interest in the primitive. It is science, if you please, passed into literature, and giving sharp, hard edges to a romantic, humorous, story laid in a melancholy land that belongs to the negroes whoever holds the title deeds. This is a document too of the new literature that is beginning to reinterpret the South.

THE OLD COUNTESS. By *Anne Douglas Sedgwick.*

We think of the talented Miss Sedgwick as a realist of character, but the strongest memory from this beautifully written book is the lovely, ominous, country of the Dordogne, a landscape which seems to hold the story in its womb, and of which the stark old Countess herself appears as an evocation and remains as a symbol. The story ends like a tense summer afternoon, in a storm, and flashes of melodrama.

LOVE IS ENOUGH. By *Francis Brett Young.*

Those who miss the spaciousness of the Victorian novel will find it here. "Love is Enough" might be paraphrased as One Woman Is Enough for a two-volume story, if she is a character and you are interested in her whole experience, not merely in her sex reactions or her inhibitions. The heroine of this book is like Jane Austen's central characters: wherever she is there is story and she makes a plot as she goes. Indeed Mr. Young seems to have written three volumes and cut out one of them. He might have cut more in the war years. The background of August, 1914 is getting like a backdrop used for too many plays. Yet this is a very satisfying novel which seems to testify that it is still possible to make psychology the servant and not the master of fiction.

THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN. By *Lloyd Morris.*

Mr. Morris in his highly interesting study calls Nathaniel Hawthorne a rebellious puritan, profoundly skeptical not only of Puritanism but of the commonly accepted values of life. Mr. Julian Hawthorne (see his review in this number) says that his father was a man of action, inhibited by circumstance, who would have liked to be a pirate, and whose ironies were delivered with a tongue in the cheek. The question is, can you judge a man by his books? If he has two or three selves (and who has not), which is most real, his daily self worn for his family and friends, or that other self which he puts into the refinement of words? Was Hawthorne a hearty realist playing with ideas while he waited for action, or a moody dreamer, capturing reality with pain and labor because he felt it to be at the best illusion. We cannot doubt the validity of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's memories; and yet one feels that his Hawthorne would never have put his heart into "The Scarlet Letter." The new documents which Mr. Morris draws upon for his biography are perhaps not so important as his lucid account of a remarkable man's relation to his world. He presents a good case for the self which seems to him, as a student of literature, the all important Hawthorne. He makes Hawthorne human, more human than a pirate; and he makes Hawthorne's books credible, which is certainly an important objective for the biographer of a great man who lives only by his written words.

ELMER GANTRY. By *Sinclair Lewis.*

Between quarreling over Elmer's genuineness and defending the churches that are attacked, between whoops of exultation and charges of indecency, the literary criticism of this book seems likely to go by the board. "Elmer Gantry" lacks art because Elmer and the rest of them never come to life; attack it on those grounds and you are safe. But to complain of its swinishness when Lewis sets out to depict a swine, or to say that the churches are better than he thinks, is a waste of time. No satirist ever was fair, yet if he does not keep some relation to truth, his book goes flat; and "Elmer Gantry" is not flat.

MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET. By *William Z. Ripley.*

To judge from the last report of the association for the protection of suckers, the right kind of people are not yet reading this book—it seems to

(*Continued on page 727*)

Baptizin'

By CARL CARMER

AND when I gets to my moanin' dyin' room
And they close the do' and they pull down the shade
And it's dark in there—so dark—and I'm afraid
And I get to thinkin' 'bout the great day of doom
And my jaws begin to stiffen, and my legs
And the muddy water of death is in my eyes
And the preacher comes and my fambly sits and cries
And I'm goin' to die no matter how I begs—

O Lawd, Lawd, make that river Jordan behave
Make it a muddy branch and I'll be settin'
On a gold-lined cloud when the chariot comes to save
No roarin' splashin' stream with banks that's steep
But let me cross with just a little wettin'
I wants to cross like Jesus did, knee-deep.

This Week

"Some New Light on Chaucer." Reviewed by *Gordon Hall Gerould.*

"The Rebellious Puritan." Reviewed by *Julian Hawthorne.*

"Horizon." Reviewed by *Dudley Nichols.*

"Mr. Fortune's Maggot." Reviewed by *Christopher Morley.*

"British Documents on the Origin of the War." Germany. Reviewed by *Sidney B. Fay.* Great Britain. Reviewed by *Bernadotte E. Schmitt.* Austria-Hungary. Reviewed by *Charles Seymour.*

"Colonel Bob Ingersoll." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

Next Week

Spring Book Number

Intellectual Comedy

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

FOR many years we have been watching the fantastic transformations wrought by the twentieth century in our knowledge of nature; we have seen this vital knowledge become so inaccessible to most of us, and so exacting, as to produce a hierarchy of scientists; and hourly the need has become more lamentable of an artist or interpreter who was conscious of, and at home, in the intellectual drama of our time, and whose art conveyed its meaning to the rest of us. What an ambitious and universally-minded artist or critic this would have to be! How estranged from our impressionistic poets and gossiping novelists.

In Paul Valéry I do not say that we have such a man. But his whole life has been an attempt at the dangerous and heroic rôle I describe. There is the accent and posture of genius in nearly everything he has done. It is not so much what he has written, as what he has not written that is interesting. His few volumes of prose and verse offer glimpses of an extraordinarily rich and supple mind, whose interests extend far beyond the game of literature.

It is only after some twenty years of voluntary obscurity devoted, we are told, to "intellectual meditation and the study of the exact sciences," that Valéry, the talented poet of the 'nineties, emerges again with the most unexceptionable and unsought for literary fame. Shortly after the great war two volumes of his essays and two or three small volumes of his collected poems were published at the urgence of his friends. An "inquest" held by French writers of all camps soon after pronounced him the foremost living poet. The wide attention and circulation given his ideas resulted shortly in his election to the French Academy.

* * *

"Variety"*, which now introduces Paul Valéry to American readers in a skilful and sympathetic translation, is composed of his most important essays the subjects of which range from political economy to literature and critical philosophy. One of these essays, The Intellectual Crisis of Europe, was profitably read before the League of Nations; another, On the Method of Leonardo da Vinci, is precipitating a subtle revolution in modern letters.

And yet Valéry is a man who fled from literature. When he was a young man (Valéry was born in 1871) he seemed destined to an interesting success. In the society of Mallarmé and his group, of Hérédia, of Pierre Louys, of Dégas, his early writings were admired, his talents were encouraged. Nevertheless he fled. Like Rimbaud, he abandoned literature, although for an entirely different objective. Instead of a life of physical struggle and adventure, he sought one of repose and meditation. Of this long period he tells little, save that "a profound modification was working within him." Despite the beauty and glitter of nearly everything Valéry has written, it is the theory of this astonishingly fecund silence, this complete self-effacement in an interior life that seems most exciting to consider.

At the end of the nineteenth century, we must recall how deeply the Symbolist poets had been influenced by music. They were seized with the ideal of ridding poetry of all that was alien to it, of all that was ethics, or politics, or history—of making it an art unique in itself and guided, like

*Variety. By PAUL VALÉRY. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $2.

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music, by its inherent laws of harmony and form. Poetry itself became an exact science. Each step which led into the abstract zone of Symbolism opened new possibilities and difficulties, new combinations which in turn led further and further away from the tangible world and from recognizable or "programmistic" effect. The point was reached where, as Valéry admits in one of the most valuable of these essays, they were faced by a kind of ruin—"the glaciers of the mind." Perhaps they realized too that not only had their age failed to understand them but that their successors would renounce them.

Valéry was one of those who retraced his steps from these too "pure" altitudes. But the self-discipline, the interest in general ideas which this art evoked (since Symbolism aimed also to show the inner relationship between things) persisted in him. He was drawn by mathematics and physical science. In the abstract realm of geometry, for instance, the whole procedure of the reason could be perfect within itself. Exact knowledge became a great game where the mind, while subject to the most severe restraint, enjoyed an intoxicating liberty. The pure exercise of the intellectual faculties became virtually an end in itself.

There must also have been a long spiritual struggle in him which suggests rather the religious votary than the artist. But all men of imagination are seized at some time with the almost irresistible impulse to pursue to the bitter end each of their delusions or certainties, although all do not yield to it. Valéry came to some end, some turning of the road, in this pursuit and returned to us.

It is his peculiar genius that he should have known how to render the drama of such an interior life in terms that are most immediate, sensuous and warm. Joy in his poems may be metaphysical; sorrow may be born from the destruction of some general law, such as the ancient one of the stability of matter; yet it is true poetry whose rhetoric and rhythm follow the classical tradition of Racine, and whose symbolism or *ellipticallity* is incidental, or simply an indication of his nearness to us.

There seems strong evidence that Paul Valéry became interested in the sciences in order to ascertain what they would do to his *psyche*. In his prose he communicates to us what may some day compose a sort of *comédie intellectuelle* of modern man. The famous essay on the Method of Leonardo da Vinci would form an important link in such a comedy. He can write here:

> An intelligence (Leonardo's) which has reached this degree of detachment will sometimes assume strange attitudes—like a dancer who surprises us by her ability to make, and for a time, preserve, figures of pure instability.

In this essay in critical philosophy Valéry works back (as he nearly always does) from the great piece of art to the artist, from the great work of science to the scientist. An identical creative state is found in both, he maintains, whose motive it is to observe, experiment, construct, and synthesize, and whose emotional accompaniment is of the same sharp exaltation. Leonardo, that many-sided genius, philosopher, painter, architect, engineer, doctor, is for him a hero, the universal man. Avoiding the facts of his biography, Valéry studies only the method, the mental processes of this genius, as if some first principle of understanding were buried with him, and could be retrieved from his flying notebooks. He finds him gazing at all the fact and appearance of nature with a restless and devouring eye, resisting the human fallacies and idols, as he seizes from the stream of unrelated phenomena the *continuity*, the *regular combinations* which are implicit in them. Upon the asymmetry of things he imposes his own sense of symmetry, his *sense combinatoire*. The number and relationship of his acts form "a symmetrical whole, a sort of *system complete in itself*." All of the truly powerful minds of the past have been that, and for such men it is inconceivable to confine all endeavor to some one specialized field of pursuit, some one art. The specialization of modern ways, Valéry likens to the stupefaction which results from a single prolonged sensation. Nine times out of ten a true discovery is due to the intrusion of methods and notions which come from outside. Thus his hero pushes his speculations into every branch of knowledge and art. The end of all his speculation is the projection of his own "continuity" through metaphor, abstraction, and language in some symmetrical and all inclusive creation.

This was the picture of a "universal man" that fired the young Valéry at the date of this essay, 1894. One feels in him the striving toward a supreme dillettantism. But perhaps what your age, the age of the quantum theory and relativity, of mass production and political self-determination, needs is great dillettantes. The opprobrium which attaches to this term did not exist among the men of the Renaissance. It dates from the era of specialization, when knowledge or science began to be pursued for the sake of utility or convenience.

Twenty-five years later (1919), in writing the even more pertinent Note and Digression, which precede the essay on Leonardo, Valéry is less hopeful as he reflects the movement of ideas in the world during this interval. Each foray into the unknown by our great men seems to make the walls of the universe more remote. "There is no thought that destroys, and concludes, the power of thinking—there is no final twist of the key which closes the lock forever." Nevertheless the same current of ideas, the same constants, are assembled even more brilliantly. It is not their newness so much as the way in which they are combined, which make them seem capable of stimulation and leadership. Intellectual discipline, the nobility of the constructive and synthetic faculties, a hatred of impressionism, and all forms of romanticism, the idea above all of perfecting the consciousness. . . .

* * *

In dealing with ideas Valéry conveys the tensity of human drama. His prose verges from leanness and rigid explicitness to an abundance of sensuous images. His essays seem at times like a procession of metaphysical paintings.

It is hoped that the "Evening with M. Teste" and the letters concerning M. Teste, a little series of portraits of an imaginary Leonardo of modern times will soon appear in book form. These small prose fragments compose the only works of fiction that Valéry has done, and aroused more interest than almost anything else. The "Evening with M. Teste" can only be likened to one of Poe's great tales. M. Teste is one of the strange characters of that Intellectual Comedy which may have found its poet in Paul Valéry. The story was written during the long interval of silence; it portrays one of those "solitary men . . . who above all knew the world . . . whose lost genius seemed to double, triple, and multiply in the darkness of history." He wishes to conceal and suppress himself. Only his memory is prodigious and acrobatic. There is the suggestion in him of a fearful discipline of mind,

> a dreadful persistence in intoxicating experiments . . . of a being who killed his joys with his joys, the weaker with the stronger, those of the passing moment with the fundamental or the hope of the fundamental.

We are carried through a single evening with him, one of rare exaltation filled with the tragic echoes of eternal hopes and doubts.

Valéry's poetry we have not spoken of; it would require a long and devoted chapter. He is difficult, and it is part of his creed. "We must bless the difficult writers," he says somewhere. It is well that we meet him first in his essays. He is immensely at home in this form and it is a long time, at any rate, since we have had a man who thinks with so much earnestness, humility, and gracefulness. He has had the energy to amass within himself much of the manifold knowledge of his time. He is essentially alone and tranquil in his "interior life." Not contented—I hope I have not given that impression—for the kind of stoicism, the individual salvation which a Valéry may win in our days is not easy of attainment.

> Every day, every day, my Guide says to me, Are you ready?
> And I say to my Guide, I am ready.
> And my Guide says, March.
> And to the end, one day more, I march.
> Oh, every day, every day, am I ever on the
> Ever-diminishing way, to the end, the end.
> The rest is silence.

One of the greatest statute recodifications ever accomplished is now available in what is probably the largest law book ever published. The 2,000-page volume which may be purchased from the Government Printing Office contains within its covers all the thousands of Federal laws previously scattered through many volumes. In the new statutes all laws in force December 7, 1925, are shown. The volume has an appendix which includes the laws in force between that date and December 6, 1926.

New Light on Chaucer

SOME NEW LIGHT ON CHAUCER. By John Matthews Manly. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1926. $2.40.

Reviewed by Gordon Hall Gerould
Princeton University

THE title of Professor Manly's book on Chaucer is abundantly justified by the contents, even though the new light for the most part strikes Chaucer the man of affairs and the life of his times rather more than Chaucer the poet. The volume consists of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1924, but it does not suffer from the fact that it was composed for oral presentation. Indeed, the familiar style makes easy reading of the highly controversial matters that are discussed. Mr. Manly has never been among those scholars who cover poverty of erudition and ideas with the cloak of pedantry; and in this new book his manner is peculiarly winning. It is perhaps even dangerously persuasive at times, as we shall see. Yet the solid worth of the book as a whole is so considerable that one cannot help being glad of its quality. The general reader will gain from it without effort an excellent notion of what life was like in fourteenth century England; and he may well be so attracted as to read Chaucer for himself and make up his own mind whether the Canterbury pilgrims are laborious portraits of real persons—Professor Manly's contention—or characters imagined and moulded by an artist comparable with Shakespeare or Fielding.

It has long been known that a real Harry Bailly was an innkeeper in Southwark at the time Chaucer was writing. Mr. Manly's colleague, Miss Rickert, has recently discovered other records about him. He was, for example, at least twice a member of Parliament; and he may well have been the host of the Tabard Inn. On the basis of this solid fact, Professor Manly has developed the hypothesis that all the pilgrims were persons identifiable by the restricted circle for which Chaucer immediately wrote, and he has attempted to discover by painstaking research and ingenious reasoning the actuality of a baker's dozen of them. The rather fascinating result of his studies makes up the greater part of his book.

Unfortunately, though he has gathered much useful information about sergeants of the law, and summoners, and franklins, and the rest, he has been unable in any single case to show that a particular individual furnished copy to Chaucer. Perhaps he comes nearest to doing this with reference to Oswald the Reeve, for he has proved beyond question that the poet had intimate knowledge of the lands held by the Earls of Pembroke in Norfolk, and would therefore have had opportunity to study any rascally stewards who may have been enriching themselves at the expense of the Beauchamps. As far as it goes, the demonstration is complete, but it serves better to illustrate the difficulties of landowners in the fourteenth century than the processes of Chaucer's imagination. Similarly we find assembled in another chapter a great deal of highly interesting information about John Hawley, who owned the "Maudeleyne" out of Dartmouth but who was "too wealthy, distinguished, and perhaps too courtly a person to figure as the rough sailor depicted in the Prologue." The Shipman, says Mr. Manly, must have been a captain in Hawley's employ; and he makes such a pleasant story of the two skippers whose names are known that one is in danger of forgetting that it all rests, as far as Chaucer is concerned, on the mention of a barge called the "Maudeleyne" and the statement:

> For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.

The reader is warned in a preface, to be sure, that the book is "merely a collection of suggestions of a more or less speculative character," and elsewhere to the same effect; but Mr. Manly forgets his own warning, once he begins to argue. As a matter of fact, he constantly assumes his rather doubtful hypothesis as proved, which constitutes a real danger not only to the careless reader but to himself. Thus he is betrayed into something like a sneer at the view that Chaucer "drew, not real persons, but mere artificial types"—by "real persons" meaning observed and actual beings with recognizable characteristics and histories. One is tempted to inquire whether Professor Manly regards Autolycus and Tom Jones and Becky Sharp as "artificial types" merely because they do not appear to have

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had precise counterparts in the worlds experienced by their creators.

Of course the question need not be asked, since Mr. Manly, when not swept away by enthusiam for the detail of research, is perfectly well aware that such a thing as creative imagination exists—whatever it may be. Indeed, in a final chapter entitled "Chaucer as Artist," which is perhaps the best brief critical estimate of the poet ever penned, he explicitly recognizes this as one of his great qualities. This concluding chapter would of itself give the entire volume distinction: it is wholly admirable. Earlier chapters, furthermore, which deal with biographical matters, deserve the highest praise not only for their extreme interest but for the masterly precision with which difficult questions are discussed. All in all, the book well deserves its title, as was remarked in the beginning. Used with discretion, it will be stimulating to the general reader and immensely valuable to the scholar. One's only fear is lest some portions of it should create a new legend about Chaucer, which Professor Manly would be the first to deplore. Somehow the average person finds it very hard to realize that authors find it easier and more satisfactory to "make up" their characters than to copy them from what is known as real life.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

(*Continued from page 725*)

have benefited only those who have good investments they wish to make better. This is a treatise on the financial structure of modern production that women and intellectuals, who are the last two classes to attain economic independence, can profit by, because, since it is written in English, not the usual jargon of brokers and economists, they can understand it. Professor Ripley really desires those who save money to save it—a rare phenomenon in the twentieth century.

THE KING'S HENCHMAN. By *Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

Complained of as too much like the Tristram story. Well, Marlowe's "Faustus" resembles Goethe's "Faust," and Aeschylus and Sophocles were content with the same plot. Writing for opera has probably been an advantage to Miss Millay's diction, which is so simple that some fail to see its beauty; but no one who can write such poetry should hitch his wagon to any one's star. Music should be written for poetry, not poetry for music. Let the dramatists do scenarios for operas, and a singing teacher fill in with easily sung words.

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By *William Beebe.*

Will Beebe will wreck his reputation as a scientist if he continues to write so beautifully.

As IT WAS. By *H. T.*

A love story laid bare not because it was intimate but because it was love. Boston has been shocked by this little book. But then Boston was shocked by the Bacchante which represented naked joy as this book naked matrimony. The question of decency or indecency as society sees it rests much more upon words than upon facts. We are slaves to the verbal, and it may well be argued that our moral judgments are more often determined by the dictionary than the Bible. The spirit of this book is charming; if its words offend, the fault is in the mind of the reader.

THE COPELAND READER. By *Charles Townsend Copeland.*

This looks like The Book of the Month principle carried to an illogical conclusion: all English literature compressed into one fat red book. But that would be to misconceive Professor Copeland, who is not "Copey" for nothing. We traverse masterpieces, from the Bible and the ballads to Heywood Broun and Foster Damon, traverse them in a curve determined by long experience with what people who like to read like to have read to them. Thus this book is a record rather than an anthology, a register of the delicately adjusting tastes of a critic and his public which meet upon a sonnet, a short story, or a chapter from "David Copperfield." But Professor Copeland belongs not in a book but on the vitaphone.

PALMERSTON. By *Philip Guedalla.*

History in epigram, sound as well as clever; the Victorian age in the movies with Victoria, Albert, Gladstone, Disraeli—all stars, and a background sketched in by one of the most skilful scene directors of our day. Thoroughly documented, persuasive—still, one would like to read Palmerston on Guedalla!

Hawthorne, Man of Action

THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By LLOYD MORRIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by JULIAN HAWTHORNE

WHEN I was in college, the examination-paper for admission to a certain undergraduate society included this question: *Does a Chimaera, ruminating in Vacuo, disseminate Second Intentions? If you reply in the affirmative, explain your reasons, with illustrations.* My reply was, No: but I added as an illustration the familiar case of the German philosopher who, asked to describe a camel, evolved the animal from his interior consciousness,—"subliminal" we might call it today.

Mr. Morris's book reminds me of this incident. It is a sort of chimæra, or subliminal camel, and I am at a loss how to tackle it. The subtitle, "The Rebellious Puritan," adds to my perplexity. And why write "Mr. Hawthorne" on the title page, and then, throughout the volume, refer to the hero of his story as "Nathaniel,"—a name applied to him in the baptismal ceremony, I suppose; but never afterward used by family, friends, or foes. His sisters called him "Natty"; his college friends, "Nath," and his wife—by such titles as a loving and imaginative wife might employ. His children called him "Papa"—never "Pa," "Dad," or even "Father," except in moments of emotion. Of course, external people addressed him as "Mr. Hawthorne," and old Salem folks as "Hathorne," declining to recognize the "w" which he had restored to the name from the English ancestral usage. In his writings he sometimes referred to himself as "De L'Aubepine," be-

"COPEY," otherwise Charles Townsend Copeland
From an Etching by D. C. Sturges

cause genealogical records indicated that the family was of Norman origin and came over with William the Conqueror, and had presumably performed prodigies of valor at the Battle of Hastings. I don't know. But of course "De L'Aubepine" is French for Hawthorne.

As to the Professor's volume—(I assume him to be a professor, because I am under the impression that most writers of biographies nowadays are professors, and I take this to be a biography)—well, it may not be a biography after all. Sometimes, on my journey through it, it read like a queer sort of romance; full, to be sure, of realistic data; but so are the novels composed by our contemporary addicts of fiction: but the suspicion would recur to me that the author was intending a work of art. I seemed to scent a species of *motif* in it. I strove to repudiate the idea, but it hung on. For instance, the entire work might be regarded as a meditation of Mr. Emerson's, in his study, with paper and ink before him, just after he had returned home from Hawthorne's funeral. There is a "Prologue" at the beginning of the volume, and at the end, when you think it is all over, you turn the page and find an "Epilogue," and Mr. Emerson is the protagonist in both. But though the theory of the narrative, or exposition, or romance, may be Emersonian, the hand is the hand of Mr. Morris, unmistakably. And though he may have meant to make a portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, his results remind me of the camel of the German philosopher. In short, he seems to be barking up the wrong tree. He is not to be blamed for thinking that his quarry was in the tree; but I cannot disguise my conviction that he has mistaken not the tree only, but the forest in which it occurs.

In his preparations for the hunt he was amply diligent, and he enumerates his sources on the fly-leaf. Of these, two are authentic,—my own "Biography," published in 1884, and Horatio Bridge's "Recollections." The little volume by my younger sister, Rose, was written about 1897, and she had been but thirteen years old when Hawthorne died; neither was she temperamentally fitted to form sound judgments; nor was she always able to distinguish between her personal experience of her father, and what she had been told about him by others. Bridge's contribution is animated and cordial, but he was no delver into depths, nor always accurate in his placer diggings. He loved Hawthorne, but had seen very little of him after his marriage in 1842. The author whom I am now considering, however, got access to materials which had been laid away in J. P. Morgan's library, and elsewhere; but it offered small opportunity to enlarge or clarify one's point of view. He pondered seriously upon his accumulations—which after all are all that anybody will ever be able to acquire—and thereupon he conceived and gave birth to his "Rebellious Puritan." It is an odd offspring, and bears, I fancy, a closer likeness to a metaphysical camel than to anything of human flesh and blood.

* * *

But I recognize the futility of this criticism. For the honest gentleman believes he is right, and who is there now living on this earth and conversant with the facts, who can contradict him? Who *won't* believe him? and who *will* hear or believe me? Coventry Patmore says,—

> After its work is done, the lie will rot:
> Mighty is truth, and shall prevail
> When none cares whether it prevail or not!

If the herd gets off to a false start, there are no cowboys to corral them. How many thousand volumes have been written about Napoleon? and who understands him? Cellini's account of himself seemed frank enough, but it now appears that he misled us. What could be more convincing than Boswell's "Johnson"? But the diligence of resurrectionists has already begun to revise our opinion of him. Poor Herman Melville's innocent remains have been torn from his grave and sent hurtling aloft with fireworks and acclaim. The trouble is, not that truth about a person doesn't exist, but as soon as he has died, nobody will or can find it out. Possibly, for example, I myself didn't know my father as he really was: nor any others of the family: nor he himself even! His books, stories, and letters remain, or some of them; but such things can be and often are misinterpreted, and besides, during the early years of his life he not only wrote under pseudonyms, but he admits that he was prone, at times, to enact the imaginary authors,—gentle, subdued, almost feminine creatures, instead of big, broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked, powerful he-men such as he actually was. He encouraged the Gentle Fanny conception of himself because it amused him, helped him to escape being pointed out as an "author" in the street or in omnibuses; and very likely, too, out of pious deference to his black-browed, grim-jawed ancestors, who, as he remarks in one of his prefaces, would have denounced him as a preposterous interloper in the family preserve. Despotic mariners, they were, who rounded the Horn, applied the nine-tailed cat to rebellious crews, drank deep with slave-holding planters in Jamaica and Cuba, and passed sentence of death on Salem witches. The Nathaniel Hawthorne of our times might have been and done all that, and could look the part when he was aroused; what possessed him to turn to pen-and-ink? From their Valhalla they would have damned him for a degenerate or a pretender; why, he would sometimes growl quarter-deck anathemas against himself! And if he hadn't met Sophie Peabody just when he did, he would have thrown his inkstand at the devil and joined the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. Instead of that, he made honeymoon in the Old Manse, begot children, and wrote "The Scarlet Letter:" which made a dent, to be sure, and was a blowing-off of steam; but James T. Fields, his publisher, would sometimes refer to him as The Pirate.

Oh, I know that this is no proper criticism or review of Lloyd Morris's psychical romance. It only goes to indicate that he had no conception of what Hawthorne really was, front-face as well as profile;

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and that, to do him (Professor, or Mr. Morris) justice he had no means of finding out. Hawthorne was three or four men bound-up as one; of which combination Mr. Morris picks out the one that has in it least of all of the true person, and then he goes on to eviscerate and transubstantiate that. But what especially makes his book a cross-word puzzle is, that he keeps quoting real or authentic attributes of his subject, and then goes on to present his imaginary concoction, just as thin and pithless as before. He manifestly tries to tell not merely the truth, but a superfine, esoteric, psychoanalytic truth which never could be true of anybody. I said that the tree he picked was not the right one; but God never made such a tree as he is barking up. And as to his justifiable quotations—why quote them, since they were already in print and published? Why not have written an elegiac poem, and let his fancy run free, instead of hobbling himself with incongruous facts? "The Rebellious Puritan" isn't a bad title, and might have led to the movies; but Hawthorne wasn't a Puritan, and therefore couldn't rebel; and Mr. Emerson knew him almost as little as Professor Morris does. Neither could stand the other's books; and though they existed side by side in Concord for a while, as soon as they cast off the fetters of a falser life we may be sure that they got off on opposite sides of the universe, and built up a barrier between them of the furthest stars back.

It might have helped our author if he had happened to observe that the most salient element in Hawthorne's nature is his humor. He was continually ironic, and in order to convey what he meant, said the opposite of that. His children knew that he was habitually "in fun" about everything. But their insight was aided by his chuckle, which, like the magic mirror in his story, "Dr. Heideigger's Experiment," showed things as they really were. The mirror was not included in this biographer's equipment, but having conceived his pale, gentle, sensitive, elegiac figure, he relentlessly thrusts it upon us, from childhood up. Once in a while, to be sure, some stubborn little fact might crop up, to queer the portrayal; but on the whole, it prevails, and Mr. Emerson sits ready, at the end, to pen his epitaph.

* * *

It seems a pity that this should go down to posterity as the final word on my poor father. One wouldn't so much mind the romantic and esoteric method; for aught I know, it may be the fashionable sort of thing, just now, in biographical essays, and the last biography I have read was Strachey's about Queen Victoria; and, before that, Anthony Trollope's capital volume about Trollope. Since then, many things have been jettisoned. But I can't reconcile myself to the tone of this fluting and harping composition: I long for an axe and a sledgehammer. Hawthorne was first of all masculine; being a good-looking child, and clever, he was spoiled by his mother and sisters. Among other boys, he was pugnacious and domineering, and though he limped for a while on one foot, his spirit was not crippled, and if he lay flat on the floor to read books, it was because he was a boy, and naturally preferred the floor to a chair. When he went to college, he was athletic, tall, and handsome; insubordinate toward the Faculty and maintaining toward his fellow students an intellectual ascendancy,—he dominated them. If undergraduate pranks were afoot, he was apt to be in them; he drank, but never got drunk: played cards, but didn't gamble; and, moreover, he kept men like Frank Pierce and Horatio Bridge within bounds; and to the end of their lives they adored him. Meanwhile, an insubordinate imagination, fed by the books he had read and the tales he had heard, led the strong man captive, and he began to write stories himself, little to his own satisfaction however; but in the cold Salem winters they were good for kindlings. But home conditions and lack of other occupation, together with the obstinate streak in his composition, made him stick to his desk, pending a chance to become a Red Rover of the Seas; he cursed his fate, and would write extravagant letters to his friends, but, like his tales, they were also imaginative and "in fun." He was disgusted with himself, and declared he was a victim of the ancestral witch's curse; but that too was in fun; he was the most common-sensible man I ever knew. To add to his discomfort, he had no love affairs, and he adhered rigorously to the classic standards of a gentleman. If he hadn't happened, at a critical juncture, to meet the woman he married, who was stronger than he, he might have become—who knows what! She gave him all he lacked, and much more; and American literature owes her thanks for him.

The Professor seems to me to have missed the point, but that is the way of the world, and I suppose it is, somehow, for the best.

A Promising Author

HORIZON. By ROBERT CARSE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

ROBERT CARSE like many another of our day holds up the mirror to his own nature. His first novel opens out as a portrait of the artist as a very young gentleman and follows him through to the growth of manhood and the happy loss of his gentility. In all likelihood it is a small matter at what age the artist does embark upon that autobiographical book, although one might reasonably maintain that when there is little or no distance of time between character and author the danger is that the character may try to do the writing. One speculates what might have happened had Dickens, for instance, done "David Copperfield" at twenty, and whether the resultant loss of detachment might not have made of David's first intoxication, say, a chapter of defeat instead of the gorgeous goose-flight which intervening years of memory fledged. Dickens and not Copperfield should write David's story. Or again look what gold was in the eyes of that old nostalgic dreamer, Marlowe, as he fondly looked far back upon the young third mate of "Youth."

In the present book the upper hand is held by Duncan Dunn, a vivid and very young man whose soul is incandescent from bombardment of those electrons which life itself throws off. His story is honest and arresting and deeply felt. But even at the end he is **not yet off the anvil** and so is not fully aware there are other stars to see by than his own hot flying sparks. He is turbulent, thank God. But when romance comes thundering up and the tempest pours in fiery reds and purples he is not yet able to fathom down to the reassuring china bottom of it all. We follow Dunn to sea and we follow him in his metropolitan newspaper office round which another and even vaster sea is murmuring by day and night. One might say with full meaning that more men are at sea in newspaper offices than in ships. Indeed, a newspaper office is like a ship and as mysterious within its own peculiar way. On both packets, then, in this book the author has striven to heave the lead but he has had the more success upon the veritable ocean. In the city room he only dimly senses the deep water that abounds off Park Row, or if he senses it then too often in such wise as common sailors understand the Main, not as a treacherously shifting surface, a sheet of fabulous vicissitudes but always the immense mere buoyant platitude.

Let this not be set against the promising author as a formidable judgment but only for what it is worth as the impression of one reporter.

* * *

Mr. Carse can write. For only an uncertain moment does he seem to hold writing above the aim of writing, which is to make the reader feel as the writer, to seize his busy soul and make him see. He does feel and see. He has movement, glow, color. Though here at the risk of seeming ungenerous one remarks that color itself is a phenomenon of surface, the thinnest slice of a wave of light. One drop of oil on a yard of water will catch all the undulating colors of the world. Horizons themselves are phenomena of surface and wherever we stand they cage us with their everlasting rings. There are verticals as well as horizontals and it is their combination which gives us substance.

This spot of ground we stand on was yesterday's or may be tomorrow's horizon, and it is only now that our eyes do not rove it with eagerness. The horizons shift around us as deceptively as the thimblerigger's shell around the pea, yet the verticals of now and next and last cross at the eternal core. This might be offered as geometrical discrimination between the romantic and the real. At all events one salutes Mr. Carse for the great gifts he has and looks expectantly for him to go on writing—even if successful—in pursuit not only of the ever-beckoning illusion of horizon, but of the real perpendicular which, however he may wander, strikes out to the stars and down through his own stout heart to the deep-beating fiery heart of his world.

Scene—An Island

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

REV. Timothy Fortune was a simple-minded missionary who felt a call to go to Fanua, an imaginary island in The South Seas. In the course of several years of earnest friendliness there was only one "convert," but whether it was Mr. Fortune who converted Lueli or the other way about, the reader of this frolic and tender fable may be left to ponder.

It is not necessary to say much about Miss Warner's charming tale, but it should be said precisely and gratefully. The story is written with tranquil grace and a most dainty humor. "Lolly Willowes" enchanted deserving readers with its demure insinuations, but "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" exceeds the earlier book as a fancy completely orbed, sustained to the end. There is health in Miss Warner's ink: gaiety, tonic wit, tenderness never lacking real power. Some readers will probably want to reckon this tale a satire, an allegory, but it is too prettily done to burden it with literal symbolisms. The pure copper thread of the telegraph is not blemished by dull or covetous messages that pass along it; the shear electric efficacy of Miss Warner's fable need not be coded into any doctrine. The account of how Mr. Fortune tried, on the clean sandy beaches of Fanua, to teach his pupil Pure Geometry; how this resulted in Lueli's attempted suicide; and how Mr. Fortune, having taken Lueli's god away from him, lost his own and himself carved a new idol for his segregation of one—all this is in the most winning vein of cheery mischief. Mr. Fortune's attempt to describe an umbrella to Lueli who had never seen one, deserves quotation.

> An umbrella resembles the shell that would be formed by rotating an arc of curve about its axis of symmetry, attached to a cylinder of small radius whose axis is the same as the axis of symmetry of the generating curve of the shell. When not in use it is properly an elongated cone, but it is more usually helicoidal in form.

It was after this that the poor Polynesian attempted to End It All.

Yes, it is a delicious book, sprinkled here and there with passages that make one aware that Miss Warner is not merely a gracious humorist but a creator with enviable reserves of energy. "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" (and *maggot*, by the way, has nothing to do with grubs or worms), like another recent work of gramarye, Mr. Fraser's "Flower Phantoms," is a book for those who ask their literature to be something more than an arrangement in black and white.

And (this is the real tribute to very cunning art) even Miss Warner herself, like Miranda, is surprised at the vitality of these island spells. In an unexpected but quite Shakespearean mood she exclaims a wistful little envoy to poor Mr. Fortune. When you come to that, you will feel, just as she did, how the true magician is always overcome by his own magic. You will feel the uneasy pang that succeeds the working of any delicate sorcery. You also will have left a fragment of your heart in the green escape of an island that never existed—

> This island
> Her own for ever, and I, her Caliban
> For aye her foot-licker.

The next play in the Variorum Shakespeare, edited by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., will be "Coriolanus," and it will probably be ready for publication by J. B. Lippincott Company in the late summer or early autumn. During the five years occupied in the preparation of this volume, Dr. Furness has read 1,200 texts of the play, 350 of them in German.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. III. No. 38.

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Origins of the War

THE recently published "British Documents on the Origins of the War"* (British Library of Information, New York), is the latest important contribution to the evidence which is being debated on two continents in the attempt to assign responsibility for the Great War. Historians will doubtless discuss this question for generations, and doubtless will disagree; but the debate is of more than historical interest: the issues involved are shaping public opinion, they have been written into treaties, they are factors which cannot be neglected by those who seek the cause and cure of international misunderstanding. Therefore the editors of *The Saturday Review* have asked a group of experts in the history of the war's beginning to examine the new evidence now presented and comment on its significance. Charles Seymour discusses in this number the case for Austria, Bernadotte E. Schmitt the case for Great Britain; Sidney B. Fay the case for Germany. Next week Michael Florinsky will write upon Russian, and William L. Langner upon French, responsibility for the war. Professor Shotwell, who was to have written an introduction to this symposium, has been called to Europe, hence, this brief editorial note.

Germany's Part

By SIDNEY B. FAY
Smith College

THE most interesting revelations in the recently published British Documents do not relate to Germany, but, naturally enough, to England herself and to her Entente friends. The "minutes" by Sir Edward Grey's Foreign Office Secretaries, Sir Eyre Crowe and Sir Arthur Nicolson, show early in the crisis their deep distrust of Germany, their sympathy with the Franco-Russian point of view, and their pressure upon Sir Edward not to exercise any restraint upon Russia and thereby jeopardize England's undertakings with Russia in regard to her Asiatic possessions. The passages suppressed from the original British Blue Book of 1914, but now published with admirable completeness and precision, show that the important omissions were made chiefly to shield the reputation, not of England herself, but of the two Powers who were soon to become her allies. They indicate, for instance, England's knowledge of Russia's early decision for military measures, France's strong support and encouragement of Russia, and President Poincaré's energetic rejection of Sir Edward Grey's proposal of direct conversations between Vienna and St. Petersburg to settle amicably the threatened Austro-Serbian conflict even before the publication of the Austrian ultimatum. As these questions of England's own policy and her relations to France and Russia are to be dealt with by others, we shall confine ourselves to new points in these British Documents which touch Germany.

There are two other reasons why these documents reveal relatively less that is new concerning Germany than those of the other Powers. One is that seven years ago the Kautsky Documents gave a very full record of Germany's part. The other is that the British Blue Book of 1914 omitted less from the correspondence between London and Berlin than from that between London and the other capitals of Europe.

The few documents prior to the Archduke's murder show England and Germany on friendly terms in spite of the suspicions roused by the rumors of negotiations for an Anglo-Russian naval understanding. A long report on the visit of the British fleet at Kiel describes the genuine cordiality with which the British officers and men had been everywhere received and the German hopes that they might soon pay a return visit. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail* asked a British officer what was the state of feeling between the sailors of the two nations; the officer, not knowing his interlocutor, made the significant reply: "There is nothing the matter with the feeling if the —— press would only leave it alone."

On July 6, Prince Lichnowsky, returning to London from Kiel and Berlin, told Sir Edward Grey privately and confidentially about the anxiety and pessimism which he believed he had just observed in Germany. "The murder of the Archduke had excited very strong anti-Serbian feeling in Austria; and he knew for a fact, though he did not know the details, that Austria intended to do something." The situation was exceedingly difficult for Germany, he said; if she told the Austrians that nothing must be done, she would be accused again of always holding back her ally; if she let events take their course, there was the possibility of very serious trouble. In view of this, but more especially in view of the recent increases in the Russian army, the anti-German feeling in Russia, and the fears of some Anglo-Russian naval arrangement, there was some feeling in Germany "that trouble was bound to come and therefore it would be better not to restrain Austria and let the trouble come now, rather than later." In saying these things, aside from whether they were true or not, the German Ambassador showed his earnest desire for peace and his lack of political wisdom. He apparently hoped to forestall possible trouble and to get Grey to exercise a moderating influence in Russia. But in reality he only strengthened that feeling of suspicion and fear at the very moment when diplomatic tension made them a most dangerous psychological factor for war. Nor did he succeed in securing British moderating influence upon Russia. Upon the news of the Austrian ultimatum and Sanzonov's hasty conclusion that it "meant war," Sir Eyre Crowe made a significant minute, typical of the influence which he continually exerted at Downing Street during the following critical days:

> The moment has passed when it might have been possible to enlist French support in an effort to hold Russia back.
>
> It is clear that France and Russia are decided to accept the challenge thrown out to them. Whatever we may think of the merits of the Austrian charges against Serbia, France and Russia consider that these are the pretexts, and that the bigger cause of Triple Alliance versus Triple Entente is definitely engaged.
>
> I think it would be impolitic, not to say dangerous, for England to attempt to controvert this opinion, or to endeavor to obscure the plain issue, by any representation at St. Petersburg and Paris.

And again, on July 27, Crowe noted that if Austria was determined on war with Serbia, "it would be neither possible nor wise and just to make any move to restrain Russia from mobilizing."

* * *

Germany's eleventh hour effort to exert moderation at Vienna, after learning the conciliatory Serbian reply and realizing the danger from Russia after all, received hardly any serious consideration in London. By July 29, but prior to hearing of Bethmann's bid for British neutrality, there are indications that Downing Street already had made up its mind that war with Germany was probable. Upon the announcement of the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia, Crowe noted, "I think we should not, in present circumstances, issue the otherwise usual declaration of neutrality," and Nicolson agreed. The British fleet had been ordered to its war station at Scapa Flow. And three despatches of July 29 of Grey to Goschen in Berlin, although published in the British Blue Book of 1914 (Nos. 88-89), now appear marked in the archives, "Not sent—War." One of these (No. 89) was the one in which, "in a quite private and friendly way," Grey gave his warning to Lichnowsky that, if Germany became involved, England might intervene. It was, however, not until Germany's intention to violate Belgium became clear that Sir Edward Grey abandoned his "hands free" attitude in speaking to the French and gave them the begged-for assurance of British support.

British Policy in July, 1914

By BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
University of Chicago

TWO questions are raised by the new British documents on July, 1914. In the first place, did the "Blue Book" of 1914 give an accurate record of what had happened, or were essential documents either falsified or suppressed in order to conceal inconvenient facts? Secondly, does the complete correspondence—677 documents as against 164 published in 1914—compel a revision of judgment about British policy?

As to the first, no important fact about British policy was kept back, except the statement of Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, to both the Russian and the German ambassadors in London that he assumed Russia would mobilize. The paraphrasing of telegrams (for protection of the ciphers) was honestly done, apart from one or two unimportant slips which probably resulted from the haste of the compiling. About a quarter of the documents published in 1914 were "edited" by the omission of passages that might be disconcerting to Great Britain's allies (and neutrals) or reveal the conduct of Germany and Austria in a more favorable light. The same verdict may be passed on the 513 new documents. By and large, the "Blue Book of 1914" was a remarkably full and honest publication, far more so than that issued by any other government. The answer to the second question is thus already indicated. The view of British policy created by the original "Blue Book" is not altered except in detail. Its motives, however, will be much understood, for in addition to the documents, the new publication gives the "minutes" of the foreign office officials which often tell more than a dozen despatches.

* * *

The British Government did not expect a grave crisis until about two days before the storm broke. On July 21, Sir Arthur Nicolson, the permanent under-secretary, observed, "I doubt if Austria will proceed to extreme measures—although Berlin is apparently anxious." There was not the slightest suspicion that Berlin was "anxious" only lest Austria should not proceed with sufficient vigor and promptness.

From the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum to the delivery of the Serbian reply, judgment was reserved in London. But when Germany demanded that the Austro-Serbian dispute be localized and Austria broke off diplomatic relations, the British foreign office concluded that war was practically inevitable and was soon convinced, by Germany's merely "passing on" British suggestions to Vienna, that she was forcing the pace. The famous proposal of Sir Edward Grey for a conference in London was made with a feeling of despair, a feeling that deepened as the days passed and Germany made no move for peace. At least none that was reported convincingly to London, for it was not until midnight of July 31-August 1, that any indication was received of serious German pressure on Austria; by this time, however, the news had come in of the German ultimate to Russia and France. The minutes of Sir Eyre Crowe, the assistant under-secretary, whose mother was a German and who was married to a German lady, are eloquent of the suspicion with which every German move, or failure to move, was regarded.

The foreign office was apparently disposed to recognize that Austria was entitled to much satisfaction from Serbia; but it resented the attempt to ride rough-shod over the other Powers. The Serbian reply was held "reasonable," and Russia right in going to the assistance of Serbia. In Nicolson's opinion,

> Russia cannot and will not stand quietly by while Austria administers a severe chastisement to Serbia. She does not consider that Serbia deserves it, and she could not, in view of that feeling and of her position in the Slav world, consent to it.

But whereas Russia was ready to negotiate a compromise, Austria would make no concessions. Therefore the British Government, which was fully informed of the progress of Russian mobilization, would exert no pressure in St. Petersburg to retard or stop that measure.

> Russia cannot be expected to delay her own mobilization, which, as it is, can only become effective in something like double the time required by Austria and by Germany.

As London saw the matter, however, the fate of Serbia was incidental. The real issue was a conflict between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, or more accurately perhaps, of Germany and Austria against Russia and France, for Italy on the one hand and Great Britain on the other were both uncertain what they would do. There was a genuine fear for the future if Britain did not support Russia, for the ambassador in St. Petersburg telegraphed:

> If we fail her now we cannot hope to maintain that friendly coöperation with her in Asia which is of such vital importance to us.

Both Nicolson and Crowe held very strongly that a diplomatic victory for the Central Powers would destroy the Entente and the European balance.

Still, there was always the chance that peace would be preserved. Other crises had been weath-

*British Documents on the Origins of the War, 1898-1914. Edited by G. P. GOOCH and HAROLD TEMPERLEY. Vol. XI. "Foreign Office Documents (June 28th-August 4th, 1914)." Collected and Arranged with Introduction and Notes by J. W. HEADLAM-MORLEY, Historical Adviser to the Foreign Office. London: Printed and Published by His Majesty's Stationary Office. 1926. New York: British Library of Information, 44 Whitehall Street. $3.

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ered, and although this one was "much more acute than any that Europe has had for generations," Austria might yield at the last moment. So Great Britain refused to commit herself until war was a fact, in spite of repeated pleas from Russia and France for a declaration of solidarity and from Germany for a promise of neutrality. Not only was there the fear that a commitment would remove "the one restraining influence" on Germany or "*induce* and *determine*" France and Russia "to choose the path of war;" obviously the British Government wished to be free, if war was avoided, to continue the policy followed hitherto of maintaining friendly relations with all Powers, which would be impossible if a pledge were given to either side.

In this situation, Sir Edward Grey played the game honorably and manfully. On July 27, Crowe was already arguing for intervention.

> It is difficult not to remember the position of Prussia in 1805, when she insisted on keeping out of the war which she could not prevent from breaking out between the other Powers over questions not, on their face, of direct interest to Prussia.
>
> The war was waged without Prussia in 1805. But in 1806 she fell a victim to the Power that had won in 1805, and no one was ready either to help her or to prevent her political ruin and partition.

On July 31, he returned to the charge in a long memorandum to Grey, in which he laid down three points. (1) "The theory that England cannot engage in a big war means her political suicide." (2) "The whole policy of the Entente can have no meaning if it does not signify that in a just quarrel England would stand by her friends." (3) "France has not sought the quarrel. It has been forced upon her." Sir Edward agreed with his adviser, as can be seen from his "Twenty-Five Years." But he knew that he had neither his cabinet nor public opinion behind him for such a policy. What he said to the French ambassador on July 31 is highly significant.

> The commercial and financial situation was exceedingly serious; there was danger of a complete collapse that would involve us and everyone else in ruin; and it was possible that our standing aside might be the only means of preventing a complete collapse of European credit, in which we should be involved. This might be a paramount consideration in determining our attitude.

So on August 1, although it was known that Germany had addressed ultimata to Russia and France, Grey refused either "to give Germany any promise of neutrality," or to promise assistance to France. Parliament, he told Paul Cambon, would not authorize the sending of an expeditionary force to the continent "unless our interests and obligations were deeply and desperately involved," and he insisted that "we had no obligation" to help France.

* * *

This categorical statement, which was accepted by the French ambassador, ought to dispose once for all of the contention that Great Britain was bound to France by a "verbal agreement" or a "moral obligation," or in some other manner. These new documents show, with the utmost clearness, that the promise given on August 2, to defend the French coasts against a German naval attack was conditional on such an attack being made, and that on August 3, after the German ultimatum to Belgium had become known in London, the British Government had not decided what to do. The demand that Germany respect the neutrality of Belgium was finally made at 9:30 a. m. on August 4; what Great Britain would have done if Germany had agreed to do so, is a question which the documents do not answer, and which is academic.

Perhaps the most impressive feature of the record is the coolness that prevailed in British diplomatic circles. Disappointed or angry as Grey, Nicolson, and Crowe were with the conduct of Germany, they never lost their heads. There were no frantic moments in Downing Street, as there were in St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris. Though surprised by the suddenness and intensity of the crisis, Sir Edward Grey formulated his policy at once and adhered to it. He warned both Austria and Germany of the probable consequences of their action; he left Russia and France free to take their own decisions; within the limits imposed by the European situation, he worked sincerely and steadfastly for peace; he declined to indicate the attitude of Great Britain until Germany had declared war. He was loyal to friend and foe alike, to the cabinet, to the interests of his country, and as the reviewer believes, to his own conscience. In the light of all that is now known about the tragic fortnight, some of his actions appear of doubtful wisdom; but he must be judged by what he knew in July, 1914, and by that standard Sir Edward Grey's record is far better than that of any other statesmen who played a part in the great catastrophe.

Austria-Hungary in 1914

By CHARLES SEYMOUR

OF the 677 numbered documents in this collection, 104 are directly related to Austria-Hungary. A large number of others are less directly related. Of the 104, twenty-three were printed in the British White Paper issued soon after the outbreak of war. The papers now printed for the first time, while they add details of interest and clarify the political situation in Austria-Hungary, do not materially alter the impression created by the earlier collection of selected documents. They consist of reports from Ambassador de Bunsen at Vienna, Consul Jones at Serajevo, and Consul Müller at Budapest, telling of the assassination and the funeral of the Archduke, the effect upon public opinion in Austria and Hungary, debates in the Hungarian Chamber, the opinions of de Bunsen's colleagues, details of Austrian mobilization. The information is confirmatory and elucidatory of what is already known from other sources.

More significant, in a certain sense, are the individual passages now printed which were deleted from the published documents in the earlier collections. Of the twenty-three published in 1914, sixteen were "edited." Most of these were paraphrased and in every case with complete honesty and accuracy. Many of the deleted passages were insignificant phrases or references to other documents not included in the first collection; such omissions clearly resulted from the desire to avoid confusion. This was legitimate and praiseworthy editing. Some of the omissions, however, were obviously dictated by policy. Thus the opinions of the Italian Ambassador at Vienna, as quoted by de Bunsen, were consistently omitted in Nos. 150, 166, 175, 248, 287, 307, 676. The omitted passages represented the Italian Ambassador as intensely critical of Austrian policy, and if they had been published would have laid the British open to the charge of fomenting trouble between Italy and her former ally. Several passages were deleted in which de Bunsen quotes his Russian and French colleagues; if printed in 1914 they would certainly have caused political embarrassment. Thus in No. 248 the Russian Ambassador is reported as stating, after Austria's refusal to authorize direct conversations, that the "Russian Minister of War is bellicose and Emperor of Russia already very angry, so that the least thing might precipitate conflict." In Nos. 295 and 307 statements referring (inaccurately) to Russia's mobilization were left out. In No. 676 was omitted the statement of the Russian Ambassador that he would have been willing to approve Austrian occupation of Belgrade or even more Serb territory. Similarly in Nos. 199, 265, statements of the French Ambassador were not printed in 1914.

* * *

Certain of these passages, like the remark of the Russian Ambassador cited above, might be interpreted as helping to justify Austria. No. 175 contains a passage (deleted in 1914) in which the Italian Ambassador proposes a formula of compromise; No. 199 refers to a suggestion of the German Ambassador in Paris intimating Germany's willingness to mediate; No. 265 contains the opinion of the French Ambassador that because of the Serb peril to the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Vienna was compelled to reduce Serbia to impotency or to lose her South Slav provinces, and his further opinion that Germany was not anxious for a European war. The passages now printed for the first time thus tend to confirm the conclusions of the moderate revisionist students of the crisis. This does not imply, however, that the British sought in 1914 to cover up facts. If the opinion of the French Ambassador was omitted, that of Ambassador de Bunsen himself, which emphasized the provocation given Austria by the development of Serb chauvinism, was printed in full in 1914. And in No. 307 de Bunsen's report on the restraining influence of Berlin was published without abbreviation. The collection of 1914, if politically discreet, was historically honest.

The new documents throw interesting light on certain moot points. De Bunsen refers to the complaints that the funeral of the Archduke was not befitting his station, but minimizes any political significance that might be attached to the simplicity of the ceremonies. "It is difficult to believe that there could have been any intention to conduct the proceedings in a manner unbefitting the exalted rank of the victims. . . . I am informed that the ceremonies followed closely the traditional 'Spanish' rites of the Imperial Court." His picture of Tschirschky, that of a man determined to push Austria to firm measures, is entirely out of tune with the good natured eulogies delivered before the German Parliamentary investigating committee. "Tschirsky, I feel sure," he wrote to Nicolson on July 17, "is doing nothing to restrain this country. He confessed to me lately that he did not believe in the possibility of improved relations between Austria and Serbia, and the German Military Attaché does not conceal his belief that the hour of condign punishment for Serbia is approaching." This of course was after the German Kaiser had expressed his displeasure at Tschirsky's intimation of restraint upon Austria, which, as Renouvin suggests, was doubtless passed on to the German Ambassador and encouraged him in the attitude de Bunsen describes. The whole tenor of the new documents is opposed to Montgelas's conclusion that "the possibility that the Austro-Serbian war like others . . . might lead to further complications, was well weighed, but the risk was thought very small, in view of the slight provocation."

De Bunsen, it is true, recognizes fully, as do all serious historians, the extent of the provocation, but his despatches emphasize equally the general impression that an Austrian attack upon Serbia must lead to the intervention of Russia. Apart from the warning (or threat) given Szapary by Poincaré, Schebeko at Vienna made no secret of his conviction that "Russia would inevitably be drawn in" if Austria pushed the war against Serbia. If Berchtold failed to realize this, he stands convicted of criminal myopia. The documents also weaken Montgelas's misleading conclusion that "Austria-Hungary's only aim was to maintain the *status quo*." This was true of the Hapsburg Empire, but by no means true of the Balkans. De Bunsen did not know of Berchtold's Balkan program, drafted before the murder of the Archduke, but his despatches leave no doubt of the conviction of the Italian, French, and Russian Ambassadors that if Austria were permitted to proceed against Serbia it would result in a revolution in the Balkan balance.

On the other hand, de Bunsen's despatches confirm the fact that while the direct Russo-Austrian conversations were proceeding, the Russian mobilization, as Montgelas avers with the acquiescence of Gooch, "suddenly tore the threads asunder," by forcing German mobilization. "Unfortunately," wrote de Bunsen, "these conversations at St. Petersburg and Vienna were cut short by the transfer of the dispute to the more dangerous ground of a direct conflict between Germany and Russia." It should be observed, however, that de Bunsen knew nothing of the discussions in secret Austria councils, now known to us, which lead even such careful historians as Renouvin and Gooch to reject the possibility of any sincere concession on the part of Austria. A telegram signed by Francis Joseph and sent at 1:06 P. M. July 31, before the news of the Russian mobilization had reached Vienna, betrays the determination of the Hapsburg Government: "A rescue of Serbia by Russian intervention at the present time would bring about the most serious consequences for my territories and and therefore it is impossible for me to permit such an intervention. I am aware of the full meaning and extent of my decision." This determination, illustrated by the hastening of the declaration of war on Serbia, July 28, so as to present Europe with a *fait accompli*, may be read all through the crisis, in the Goos and Hoyos papers as well as in the despatches of de Bunsen. It justifies Renouvin's conclusion that if, in formulating a precise judgment we ought to emphasize the decisions thoughtfully arrived at by the Chancelleries before the military seized control, major responsibilities rest upon Vienna. It is true that Russian mobilization forced the intervention of Germany. But it is certain that long before technical military factors entered the situation, and no matter how great her provocation, Austria-Hungary in cold blood decided upon violent action against Serbia and that on July 31 when faced with the imminence of Russian intervention, she held to this decision.

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A Great Sceptic

COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL. By CAMERON ROGERS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS
Author of "The Rebellious Puritan"

READERS of his earlier book, "The Magnificent Idler," will find no cause for disappointment in Mr. Rogers's latest venture in biography. His life of Ingersoll is an admirable achievement, sound in scholarship, vivid as portraiture, and lively as dramatic narrative. It is a worthy successor to his study of Whitman, and should establish Mr. Rogers among the most accomplished of the younger American biographers.

Contemporary biographers, by way of Mr. Strachey and the French tradition, have found their exemplar in Plutarch; biography has once more become an art of narrative, like fiction, and has ceased to be an exercise in exposition. To this conception of his art Mr. Rogers brings an appropriate equipment. He commands the resources of a competent novelist, and he uses them skilfully in the presentation of his subject. So carefully has he designed and proportioned his narrative, so excellently has he conceived and represented the character of his protagonist, that his book, despite its abundant documentation, reads with the grace, fluency, and interest of a good novel.

That this is the case is an evidence rather of Mr. Rogers's talent than of the ductility of his material. Few tasks would seem to be more difficult than that of reviving the figure of an orator whose orations are no longer acceptable models of eloquence, of an agnostic whose beliefs seem today "astonishingly mild and strangely obvious." Yet Robert Ingersoll was abundantly representative of the America of his period, and he was representative as well of an intellectual and moral courage which we might be happy to consider characteristically American. In certain ways Mr. Rogers has provided, in his vigorous and sympathetic portrait of the "Great Agnostic," an efficacious antidote to the pangs produced by "Elmer Gantry;" it is comforting to remember that Ingersoll sacrificed a political career to the integrity of his skepticism.

The major historical interest of Mr. Rogers's volume is concentrated in the second half, which deals with Ingersoll's public career after the Civil War in the apogee of his fame as a lawyer, a formidable influence in national politics, an orator and controversialist, a celebrated pleader for the "faith in honest doubt." This portion of his narrative Mr. Rogers has enlivened with vignettes of the principal figures of the time; Garfield and Blaine, Beecher and Talmage, Whitman and Burroughs, Mark Twain and others with whom Ingersoll came into relation. But I find the principal literary interest of the volume in Mr. Rogers's account of the childhood and youth of Ingersoll and his brother. These chapters, tender and wise and humorous, are notable for their beauty and insight; they constitute an imaginative reconstruction of a pioneer childhood that, as an example of literary virtuosity, is most impressive.

The Story of a Boy

KIT O'BRIEN. By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

THIS is a good boy's book and an even better book about boys. That is, it is written for the mature reader, and yet probably, like "Huckleberry Finn," good for boys too. Kit is a wanderer, oppressed by uneven justice, buffeted from experience to experience which he does not fully understand, trying to do right, but afraid. The story is of the small-town and river world as he sees it, the characters are as he sees them; it is human nature through a boy's psychology and this enables Mr. Masters to deal strokes of pathos and irony as if from ambush. But though a social document (again like "Huckleberry Finn") it is so only because it is a simple, effective, and very human story. George who knows boys because he has common sense and a kind heart, Miss Siddons, the proud outcast, and her Ernest—they float through the boy's narrative with a brilliancy lent to them by an adult imagination which sees them for all that they were, but they never lose perspective in the narrative. Indeed this is a fine story, humanly and delicately conceived, and written with a simplicity that itself is style worthy of a poet.

The Bowling Green

Ex Libris Carissimis

GONZALO, in "The Tempest," would have been a good committee-man for the Book of the Month Club. It appears that his taste was unerring, and he was the first editor of a Desert Island Selection such as has often occupied the ingenuities of columnists. It was he who furnished the outcast Prospero with books for his isolation; and apparently he knew Prospero's tastes so well that he could choose (Act 1, Scene 2, 166-168) just those volumes which were the duke's dearest. Well does Miranda cry "Would I might see that man!" All this, however pleasing to the fancy, does not satisfy reason. No one but yourself really knows what books are most precious to you. The associations that make them so are obscure and private. Life, so long for thought but so brief for effective communication, will never offer sufficient leisure to explain in full the reasons why particular copies mean so much. There are many experts on the punctilio of editions, which is a kind of exact science, with its works of reference and its collation data. But the matter of Association Copies is quite other; there the amorist rises from mere lust to a high tenderness. He rises into the third and trismegist class of collectors as they are outlined in the Order of Morning Prayer. There you will find rubricated the First Collect for the Day; the Second Collect for Peace; the Third Collect for Grace. Among prizers of Association Books there can be, thank heaven, no experts; your associations are your own.

While I think of it, what a pleasant motto for the library of Duke University would be that line of Prospero's—*My library was dukedom large enough.*

* * *

I was thinking particularly of these matters because the other day Leary's old bookstore in Philadelphia, where I first learned something of the pleasure of book-hunting, returned to its new building on the old site—9 South Ninth Street—where it has been for fifty years. (The business will celebrate its centennial in 1937). Compared to most of Leary's alumni I am a mere freshman; it is only a little over twenty years since I bought my first Leary book as a boy of sixteen. Mr. A. Edward Newton, at the celebration dinner given in the store, the other evening, was bragging that it was forty-seven years since he made his first purchase there, a copy of White's "Selborne," and there are many of Leary's bibliophiladelphians far more veteran than he. But for him, as for me and innumerable others, Leary lit the lamp, as he does in Stevenson's poem. Though the Caliph Newton's little copy of "Selborne," when he showed it to me, did not seem a genuine Leary trove because it antedated the days of the little price-figure written in blue pencil with a slanting dash above it—Philip Warner's hand, I believe. That, for us of the later generations, is the sterling stigma of Leariana. I cannot be positive which was my own first purchase. I know that one of the prime advices Dr. Gummere gave our freshman English class, that autumn of 1906, was to find our way to Leary's; where, he said, we might very likely learn more about literature than in any classroom lectures. But the freshman, learning his way about the new strange world of college, had little time (and indeed less money) to go junketting to town. So the earliest date I find in any of my Leariana is March 30, 1907—yes, and *Ex Libris* boldly scribed, probably for the first time. I don't find that self-conscious phrase in any of my previous acquisitions—mostly the little Altemus reprints, bought for 19 cents at Hochschild Kohn's in Baltimore. So I put the Anthology of English Poetry edited by a Ph.D. in Peoria as my first Leary. I don't mention the editor's name, for even at the age of sixteen I found his comments jejune. I see that I marked with an exclamation his prefatory note that "the arrangement is such that the study of English poetry is made scientific, and, as far as possible, all vagueness and illusions are removed from its teaching." And I queried his remark that "Pope is a second-rate poet because he could not create a dynamic phrase." Hum: I evidently thought then, as I do now, that that is the one thing in which Pope was supreme pontiff. Perhaps it was this Peoria editor who first instigated in me my unmannerly doubts upon the general run of textbook annotations on literature. Yet the anthology was well chosen, and became a real thesaurus to me; I pasted into it all sorts of newspaper reprints of famous poems and marked with heavy stripes of red chalk lines that excited me.

That is an example of what I mean when I say that no one can play Gonzalo for you. There is a book, in itself worthless, that is very dear to me; but Gonzalo, making a ransack of my shelves to fit me out for the Bermoothes, would never choose it. It is a confession of weakness, but I have many books that I should be sorry to lose. And they are so dispersedly and disorderly arranged that in any sudden emergency (such as was suggested by a blaze we once had in our chimney) I could not possibly pick them out. Therefore I have frequently thought that I would rout round among them, make a list of (let us say) fifty or a hundred that I regard as essential to my own private felicity, and put these in a box convenient for immediate transport in case of fire, collision or scuttling. I am not really much of a sentimentalist about books; in case of necessity I could quite honestly cut myself down to half a dozen. With the Bible, Shakespeare, Blake, Keats, Whitman, and a good anthology of verse, I could repopulate my mind, yes, and give Miranda the equivalent of a course at Bryn Mawr. To these I would want Gonzalo to add if possible my old Wentworth's Algebra, and some Stevenson, Conrad, and O. Henry. Chaucer and Virgil would be desirable too. But I frankly admit I could get along without them.

So the list of fifty (or a hundred) that I should compile, as a bill of lading for my Gonzalo, would be not so much of necessities as of the things specially dear to me for tinctures of affection. Some of them he would know, if he had time to make a general search, by their having *Ex Libris Carissimis* written in them, an ejaculation of enthusiasm that I have occasionally inscribed in favorite volumes—and once even (if I must be honest) in one written by myself; I shan't tell you which. All book-impassioned zealots have their own little tricks: I know one wise collector who, aware of his heirs' ignorance of the finer shades of significance in his library, has pasted in his special treasures a little gold-paper star. This is to serve as a sort of Stop—Look—Listen signal, a warning that that volume is not to be disposed of without expert advice. But our Gonzalo, by the terms of our fancy, must do his choosing hastily. In the dead of darkness the gates of Milan are opened; the rotten carcass of a boat waits some leagues at sea. Therefore some private memorandum for the honest old counsellor.

* * *

I wonder, though, if I should have the restraint to keep my list private? For the almost irresistible impulse of the inoculate is to tell others his happy symptoms; and the patterns of humane and humorous interest that exfoliate from a book that one cherishes are intricate and tempting. If I could tell in full (which I should not dream of doing) the adventures of my favorite copy of "Leaves of Grass," a little leather-bound thin-paper edition given me ten years ago by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, I should have the dangerous burden of a novel on my hands. I remember—one of the earliest of that copy's crises—that I took it in my pocket when I had to make up my mind whether or not to apply for exemption from the military draft in 1917; I sat by a small stream not far from Wyncote, Pa., and wrote down in parallel columns, on a blank page at the back, my own special reasons pro and con going to war. That was not as easy a decision as you might imagine, and I set out my arguments on both sides with much candor. I destroyed the page afterward when, the book lying on my table in a newspaper office, I found one of my colleagues reading my forgotten dialogue with much interest. Or my "Trivia," my "Mirror of the Sea," my Rupert Brooke—I should like to set down some memorandum for Gonzalo about those special copies. As Harry B. Smith says in the preface to his famous Sentimental Library (my copy of which he honored with the wittiest inscription I have ever seen, but too charming for quotation) the passion for palavering about his books is the dread malady of every collector. I shall resist it as long as I can; yet I don't trust Gonzalo as much as Prospero did. And was there, among those Island Nights' Entertainments, a single book apt for young Miranda?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

Money

WEALTH, VIRTUAL WEALTH AND DEBT. The Solution of the Economic Paradox. By FREDERICK SODDY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK H. KNIGHT
University of Iowa

SOMEWHAT to the reviewer's surprise, this book has proven well worth the time and effort of a careful reading. Surprisingly, because, in general, when the specialist in natural science takes time off to come over and straighten out the theory of economics he shows himself even dumber than the academic economist, and because, in particular, Soddy's pamphlet on Cartesian Economics which we read some years ago did not promise to set a new precedent in this regard. The queerest feature of such attempts is that the man trained in exact science typically falls down precisely where one would suppose he would shine, namely in logical consistency and the ability to preserve a distinction between constants and variables in a quantitative system. These limitations apply conspicuously to the book under notice, and it is in spite of them that it has value.

The argument is addressed to two main problems or tasks. First, the author essays to outline the fundamentals of an objective and within limits exact science of economics, and secondly, he attacks the ever-fascinating problem of money. His effort to establish a conception of physical wealth, subject to a principle of conservation and interpretable in relation to physical energy, must be briefly dismissed. The more one labors with this attractive hypothesis, the more one is forced to the conclusion that it simply is not in accord with the facts. Magnitudes of wealth and productive capacity, whether thought of in human terms of usefulness or mechanical terms of exchange power, change absolutely whenever a human being changes his (or her!) mind; and the mass-energy relations of mind-changes are as unimportant in this connection as they are obscure—if their very existence is anything but a metaphysical inference based on the monistic bias of the scientific intellect.

If the term "Life" in Ruskin's famous definition of wealth (which is accorded a central position in the author's argument) can be given any physically quantitative meaning at all, it is not one which is relevant to the discussion of human policies of action, social or private. For the purpose of such a discussion, and under the conditions of any real or conceivable civilization, life certainly means life value, and not life quantity. Moreover, the author practically admits this and couches the treatment of his practical thesis in terms of index numbers, while of the essential meaning and tremendous practical problems involved in these he is blissfully oblivious. He repeatedly stresses the point that there is no equivalence between time spent in creating instruments of production and that spent in making them productive, failing to see that *either ethically or mechanically* there is the *same kind and amount* of equivalence here as between any other forms of human exertion or thought-taking, or any value magnitudes whatever. Under competitive individualism, human activity "tends" to receive a "reward" equal to its differential contribution to the total social result, whether the activity is digging potatoes or threshing wheat, a routine productive operation or invention, management, promotion, abstinence, or clearing land of trees or aborigines. We are glad to agree that there is little ethical significance about the equivalence in any case, to commend the chemist for recognizing the fact in this one instance, and to call the general principle to the attention of orthodox economists—and especially of the single-taxers.

The practical thesis of the book is distinctly unorthodox, but is in our opinion both highly significant and theoretically correct. In the abstract, it is absurd and monstrous for society to pay the commercial banking system "interest" for multiplying several fold the quantity of medium of exchange when (a) a public agency could do it at negligible cost, (b) there is no sense in having it done at all, since the effect is simply to raise the price level, and (c) important evils result, notably the frightful instability of the whole economic system and its periodical collapse in crises, which are in large measure bound up with the variability and uncertainty of the credit structure if not directly the effect of it. Nor is the cost a bagatelle; if the amount of created bank currency in the United States be placed roughly at thirty-five billions and the average rate of bank interest at six per cent, it will be seen to amount to well over twice the interest on the national debt, and to several per cent of the total national income. Yet we must emphasize the qualification, "in the abstract."

Many serious problems are raised by the proposal to prohibit banks from following the "treasonable practice of uttering false money." The author has apparently never heard of the controversy over the banking versus the currency principles—as he has not heard of the mathematical economists and several generations of predecessors in the endeavor to create an exact science of economics—and he shows no recognition of the real and important relations between commercial banking and the creation of new capital and its guidance into use. These problems cannot be gone into here, but we can say with assurance that if this book leads economists to go into them as they deserve it will render the world a service of inestimable value. It will then be easy to forgive the author his errors and inconsistencies, the eloquence and cocky airs of the novice, and even the sheer nonsense of his later chapters purporting to outline a quasi-mathematical economic theory. The concepts of wealth, virtual wealth (money), and debt emphasize important and neglected distinctions, and in general it is a brilliantly written and brilliantly suggestive and stimulating book.

A Clumsy Forgery

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME. Anonymous. Brentanos. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

THIS book purports to be "the eighteenth century journal of an unmarried English lady addressed to her natural son." Anybody with a slight knowledge of life and literature in the England of that day will recognize it as spurious on five minutes' acquaintance. In point of vocabulary, style, and opinion the book is a monstrous anachronism. The very way in which the author avoids mentioning, save in the most vague and indirect manner, matters of contemporary fact is in itself suspicious. Her journal shows signs of exceptionally careful "editing." But "E. R. P.," the alleged editor (I question his sex), could scarcely avoid slipping somewhere. One instance, plainly irrefutable, will be sufficient to prove the journal a sprawling forgery. Our eighteenth century lady, records reading *Bishop* Percy's "Reliques" in July, 1770. She refers to the book as "new." Actually it was first published five years previously. In 1770 Percy was not a Bishop. He was not even Dean of Carlisle before 1778. The alleged author of our journal died in 1776. In 1782, six years later, Percy succeeded to the Bishopric of Dromore. It therefore seems unnecessary to allude in detail to the author's extraordinary foresight in anticipating the French Revolution, to her premature antipathies (expressed in terms such as the century scarcely knew) for the Church, slavery, prize-money—called "blood-money"—the institution of marriage, and righteous resistance of America. We are to believe that she ran naked at dawn in her father's park, and encouraged her child to do so too; that she associated on equal terms with gypsies in the glades of Epping Forest, this in an epoch when gypsies dared not show their faces anywhere near a game preserve; that she read Rousseau's "Emile" and his "Contrat Sociale" while they were almost hot from the Amsterdam press although she was living in country seclusion in England, that she preferred Marcus Aurelius and Zeno to Jesus Christ, and wished to be cremated rather than buried. She was a pacifist and dissented from the popular prejudice against the Jews. Her sympathy with Nature would have done credit to Wordsworth or Shelley. It even extended to the love of snakes, especially adders—"I often catch one by the tail and stroke it with gentle touch, without its ever attempting to harm me." She had read everything, everything, that is, that we in 1926 have read and remembered from her century. But such eighteenth century perfection will never do. One thing only is lacking in the make-up of our author: that is, a sense of humor of which there is not so much as a candle's beam in all her three hundred pages.

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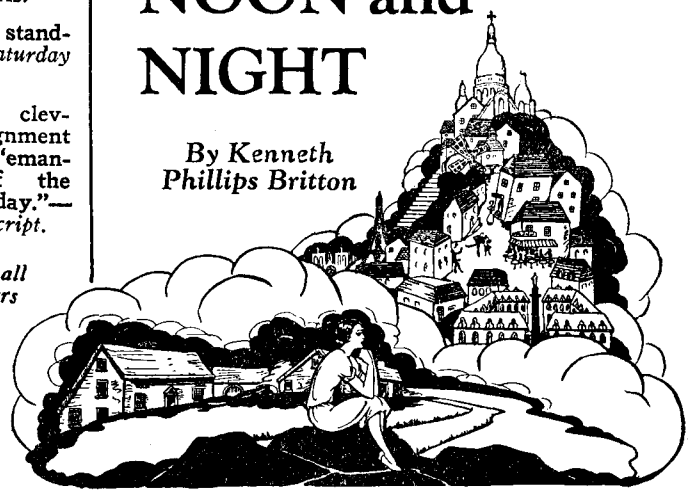

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Books of Special Interest

American Maps

A BOOK OF OLD MAPS Delineating American History from the Earliest Days Down to the Close of the Revolutionary War. Compiled and edited by EMERSON D. FITE and ARCHIBALD FREEMAN. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1926. $25.

Reviewed by WALDO R. BROWNE

ALTHOUGH a number of American historians, notably Dr. Justin Winsor, have emphasized the importance and made liberal use of old maps as historical source-material, it has remained for Drs. Emerson D. Fite and Archibald Freeman to produce a work in which the larger outlines of American exploration and territorial development are traced entirely by means of the cartographer's art. In their sumptuous folio volume, "A Book of Old Maps," they have selected for reproduction no fewer than seventy-five notable examples of cartography, beginning with three maps which depict the world as it was known to Europeans during the decade or two before Columbus's first voyage, including the colored planisphere believed to have been made either by Columbus himself or under his direction—possibly, even probably, the very map shown by the explorer to Ferdinand and Isabella. Next comes a portolan world-chart of 1500, the oldest map which has so far come to light showing the first discoveries in the new world; three sections of a world-map drawn by Bartholomew Columbus to illustrate the voyage along the coast of Central America known as Columbus's fourth voyage; the Contarini world-map of 1506, notable for its representation of the newly-discovered coasts of the two Americas; the oldest known post-Columbian globe, commonly designated the "Lenox globe;" and the famous Waldseemüller map of 1507, in which the word "America" as a name for the new world appears for the first time. Following these priceless treasures of cartography, we proceed through a long series of less rare but always illuminating examples, until we come at the end to George the Third's own copy of a map of the British colonies in North America, which was used by the peace commissioners at Paris in 1783 in tracing the original boundaries of the United States. Each of these seventy-five reproductions is accompanied by a full and carefully documented commentary, in which the historical and cartographical significance of the map is explained and analyzed, and its salient features in relation to the general scheme of the work are developed in a thoroughly scholarly fashion.

Assisted by the text, one may follow in these facsimiles, as in a sort of moving picture, the gradually extending and expanding course of American exploration and territorial development, from the time when the two Americas existed to European comprehension at first not at all, then only as a few scattered islands backed by a thin and short strip of mainland originally thought to be a part of Asia. We see this line slowly creeping south to the Straits of Magellan, then turning northward as the western coast of South America becomes explored and defined. From the same starting point a later movement towards the north develops, pushes up the eastern coast of North America and around its arctic boundaries, then turns down to meet the advancing line from the south. And along with this gradual definition of coastal outline goes a constantly broadening and deepening centripetal movement, as one explorer after another strikes off into the mainland from the various seaboard settlements, east and west; until at last the two continents stand revealed in all their main geographical features. It is a fascinating picture that the old cartographers thus develop for us, a reflected drama of tremendous human energy and daring slowly revealing a vast new world to the knowledge of mankind.

On its mechanical side also, the volume merits high praise. Save perhaps for a few somewhat smudgy plates made from photographs or holographs of early examples, the reproductions are doubtless as satisfactory as any comparatively small-scale facsimiles of old maps can be; while the typography and presswork, executed by the printing house of William Edwin Rudge, are thoroughly distinguished. A single error on the compilers' part has been noted by the present reviewer: the publication date of Mercator's first Atlas is given as 1602, whereas the correct date is 1595.

Although this "Book of Old Maps" makes its principal appeal to students and teachers of American history, it should not fail of hearty welcome from the map-collector also, to whom it will reveal new and fascinating points of interest in the contents of his portfolios, while at the same time providing him with copies of certain cartographical rarities which no collector, however wealthy, can ever hope to possess in their original form. Altogether, it is a work which reflects exceptionally high credit upon American scholarship, printing, and publishing enterprise alike.

Guessers and Deducers

THE AFFAIR IN DUPLEX 9B. By WILLIAM JOHNSON. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

THE KINK. By LYNN BROCK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

AURELIUS SMITH—DETECTIVE. By R. T. M. SCOTT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by DASHIELL HAMMETT

THERE exists a considerable body of reasonably authoritative literature on crime detection. Such Europeans as Gross and Niceforo have been done into English; Macnaughten, Anderson, and Thompson of Scotland Yard, our own Pinkerton, Burns, and Dougherty, have given their experiences. Post, Dilnot, Gollomb, and others have published articles on police methods here and abroad. Some of these books have had wide circulation. There's little evidence that many copies were bought by writers of detective stories. That's too bad.

"The Affair in Duplex 9B" is—don't stop me just because you've heard this one—about the wealthy rascal who was done in with the quick-acting South American poison, and about the Assistant District Attorney who fell in love with the beautiful young suspect. The present A. D. A. talks like this:

"No, by God," said Chilton earnestly, "I'm going to prove her innocent. I saw Miss Adair, Graham, for only a few minutes, and heard her sing, but I saw enough of her to recognize that she is a sweet, clean girl whose inexperience has gotten her mixed up with a bad crowd. I'm not going to have a young girl who needs a man's protection dragged in the mire of a case like this. Find her for me, Graham, won't you, and help me shield her from this scandal, a scandal she never could live down."

Neither he nor the detectives working with him show any signs of ever having been employed in police affairs before. The simplest code ever devised—its invention followed the typewriter's by about two weeks—stumps them. (The detective who copies the coded message into his notebook is supposed, by the author and in the following chapter, not yet to have heard of it). Two typewritten letters are taken to a typewriter company for the purpose of having the machine on which they were written traced to its present owner. The company promises to try to trace it by its number. Luck to 'em! The murderer's identity may be suspected half-way through the book, but when you learn his motive you'll be ashamed of having suspected him. It's that sort of a motive.

* *

"The Kink" is a rambling, too wordy story written in accordance with one of the current recipes, dully Babylonian in spots, gloomily melodramatic, devoid of suspense. Colonel Gore is hired to find a couple of missing men, to watch another man, to recover some stolen documents. There's a murder or two also in the book, but no excitement. This sleuth's method is simple, however the author tries to disguise it: he stalls around till things solve themselves. Even when he gets hold of a mysterious automobile's license number he takes no steps toward tracing it through the Metropolitan Police register, apparently not knowing that such an affair exists. Toward the last he does some guessing, but by then at least one reader had acquired too much of the Colonel's apathy to be aroused.

The dozen stories in "Aurelius Smith—Detective" are as mechanical as the others, and as preposterously motivated, but at least they do move and they are not padded. Smith is one of the always popular deducers, though not a very subtle specimen. It takes a shaven neck to tell him a man's probably not a gentleman, and a half-soled shoe to tell him another's hard up.

There isn't a credible character in any of these three books. Insanity seems to be growing in popularity as a motive for crime. Theoretically it has the advantage of not needing further explanation. Actually it's almost always a flop.

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

CERTAINLY one of the most important links between literary America and literary France is Professor Régis Michaud of the University of California and the Sorbonne. From February to May, 1926, Professor Michaud gave a series of lectures at the Sorbonne on contemporary American literature, and from these formed his new book, "Le Roman Américain d'Aujourd 'hui: Critique d'une Civilization" (Boivin & Cie.). The French gift for clear analysis, interpretation, and criticism of literature is finely represented in this volume. Many Americans, living too near the subject, or not given to analysis, will find in this study an explanation of our young writers which will surprise and satisfy, and perhaps confound, them. The sincerity and justice of M. Michaud's conclusions are palpable. While showing European influence upon general American literature—English, Russian, and especially the direct French influence—the author gives Emerson credit for discovering the superman before Nietzsche. He begins with puritanism, analyzes Hawthorne (with what will be to many a new point of view), James, Howells, Edith Wharton, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Cabell, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Dell, Hergesheimer, Waldo Frank, down to Robert McAlmon, Gertrude Beasley, Hecht, and Carlos Williams. His deductions from our civilization to our new literature are valuable, and to some readers will seem final. Professor Michaud has produced several works on Emerson and has others in preparation, as well as a Panorama of Contemporary American Literature. His fruitful activity is one of many indications of French interest in our literature.

Francis Carco is only forty years old, and is already publishing memoirs of his youth. Readers who remember his "Jésus-la-Caille," "Scènes de la Vie de Montmartre," "Le Roman de François Villon," will find interest and amusement in his new book, "De Montmartre au Quartier Latin" (Albin Michel), in which he relates his adventures at the age of twenty on the famous Butte crowned by the Sacre-Coeur, and his migration to the Montparnasse region, now included in the old Latin Quarter. His recollections of Utrillo, the painter, of Picasso, originator of cubism, of Pierre MacOrlan, Roland Dorgelès, Max Jacob, and a host of other young rebels and initiators—poor, witty, talented up to the eyes, living for adventure, fantasy, imagination—are refreshing and sometimes shocking. Their rendez-vous at the *Lapin Agile*, in Montmartre, where the good Frédéric gave them unlimited credit and saved them from dinnerless nights, were as extravagant and strangely colored as a picture at the *Salon des Indépendants*.

The accumulating mass of evidence upon the life and character of Marcel Proust is enlarged by Robert Dreyfus's "Survenirs sur Marcel Proust" (Grasset), which includes a number of unpublished letters from Proust to the author, a friend of his youth. The narrative begins with the days when the two friends played together in the Champs Elysées, follows them to the Lycée, and comes later to their separation, owing to the immersion of each in his own busy life—which accounts for so many letters. In one, written at the age of seventeen, Proust said "J'ai tant a dire. Ça se presse comme des flots." That he managed to say so much, crippled with ill health as he was, remains the marvel. In another letter he explains that he has not slept for two weeks and is "half mad," though the extreme lucidity of his expression shows that his spirit burnt clear in spite of all. The more we read of Marcel Proust, written by those who knew him, or in his own letters, the more we find him lovable, admirable, and infinitely pitiable. A mere note on M. Dreyfus's book gives small idea of its contents—it must be read.

A straightforward, entertaining little book is M. Gilbert de Neufville's "En Chaland sous les Tropiques" (Grasset), an account written in easy, flexible style of his expedition with friends into northern Africa, where they traveled in hammocks borne each by four porters, and on a comfortable barge on the Niger River, poled along by tall bronze Africans superbly modelled. In and around the Sudan they hunted lions, antelopes, crocodiles, elk, hippopotami, or admired the strange architecture at Djenne, supposed to have been introduced into Africa by a Moorish poet from Grenada in the fourteenth century. There are many bits of observation of African humanity which are instructive as well as amusing, and a sketch of their mascot, the monkey "Margot," is irresistible. One of their surprises was to find a native governor, employed by the French government, writing French letters so charmingly (and so often) that his correspondence with the travelers become a source of actual literary enjoyment. An enlightening commentary on French colonial influence.

Another book with African color is the second novel by M. Jean-Simon Michel, whose first, "La Tache Noir" was mentioned here as being all ready for the film producer, if any were found. The new book "L'Héroique Petite Madame Arnauld" (Avila), is an advance in some respects on the other—it is better constructed and the psychology is more acute. Madame Arnauld is a handsome young French woman, daughter of an army officer who was also a count, and an excessively pious mother who finds her daughter too much like her father, the colonel. The girl marries an army surgeon much older than herself, and finds her life in Morocco, where she goes to live with her husband, more complicated than she had expected it to be. The story begins quietly in provincial France, but in Morocco the plot soon becomes lively and violent, and in the course of this exciting tale the French girl finds herself in command of a French post surrounded by native rebels—the beginning of the present Moroccan war. Her efforts to reach the authorities and secure help are vain, and the wireless only brings her pompous messages from red-tape officials in answer to her calls. She becomes desperate, and appeals by wireless to the world at large, explaining that she is a white woman, alone—her husband and their associates having been killed—and asks for help from anybody who will give it. The scandal this causes among French official circles is so intense that even when she is rescued at the last moment by her own people, and placed in safety in a hospital, she is bulldozed by the high functionaries, political complications have entered the game, and because she refuses the Cross of the Legion of Honor (for good reasons known only to herself), they are about to declare her insane. There is not a little satire in M. Michel's crisp and clever handling of his story, and it is plain that he has suffered from stupid officialdom. The book is written in brisk, conversational French.

For anyone who wishes to trace the influence of antiquity upon French literature (and hence on our own), since the middle of the nineteenth century, M. Charly Clerc's book, "Le Génie du Paganisme" (Payot), will be welcome. The author means especially Greek influence. His subtitle is "Essais sur l'Inspiration Antique dans la Littérature Contemporaine," and the work does not pretend to be more than it is, with its notes and comments and sketches of men. Paganism does not necessarily mean hostility to Christianity (compare Fénelon's "Télémaque," for instance). And in the Middle Ages, paganism was often regarded as evidence for Christianity, not its substitute.

M. Edouard Estaunié has written a new novel entitled "Tels qu'ils Furent," which will be referred to later; and the young American novelist who writes only in French, M. Julien Green, is publishing in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* a new story, "Adrienne Mesurat." French critics do not, it seems, find any model in French literature for the style and manner of M. Green, and are keenly interested in him. It is a new style, Franco-American, which is another piece of evidence of the happy combination of the French and American spirit. M. Green, reared in France, uses its language as his own, and speaks it better than he does English.

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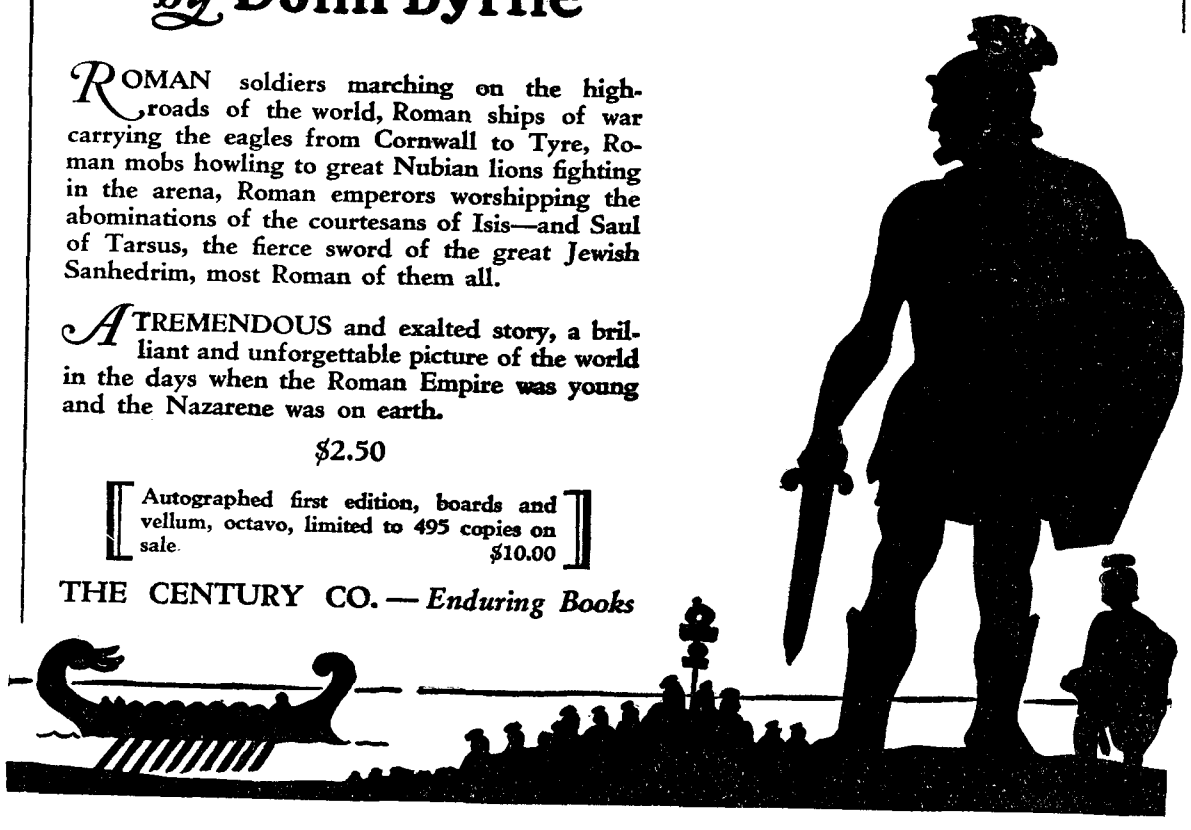

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Foreign Literature

German Poetry

DUINESER ELEGIEN. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1926.

DAS NORDLICHT. Two volumes. By THEODOR DÄUBLER. The same.

DAS NORENBUCH. By ERNST BERTRAM. The same.

DER LANGSTE TAG. By OSKAR LOERKE. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1926.

DICHTUNGEN. By JAKOB HARINGER. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE death of Rainer Maria Rilke at Montreux in December last deprived German poetry of one of its most distinguished representatives. The importance of Rilke, obvious enough to regular students of modern German poetry, had lately been borne in upon a wider circle, for in the last year or two, when Rilke had tended to become rather "old-fashioned" in Germany (which is no condemnation, from the present writer's point of view), he had become the fashion, the "latest thing," in French literature, attaining in Paris, by his own translations of Paul Valéry and the French versions of his own lyrics, with various articles or compilations of *hommage*, a position he had not enjoyed in his country for some years. There is no doubt, however, that Rilke's position, both as a German and as a European poet, is secure. The gentle, wistful note he struck in his work—from his earliest evocations of his native Bohemian landscape to the elegies and elegiac sonnets with which he crowned his all-too-short achievement—was no vehicle for sentimentality; the technical accomplishment of his verse held a real philosophy, it was not mere pattern-making, and above all, there was personality behind all he wrote.

The "Duineser Elegien" is Rilke's last book—pending the publication of his remarkable renderings of Paul Valéry. He began to write them in 1911 at Duine, on the Adriatic Sea, and the complete series of ten elegies was first published in 1923. Twelve years of Rilke's life had gone to the meditating and writing of this slender volume, and it is on record that towards the end of his life, he considered this his best and truest work. It is certainly the utmost logical development of his immanentist philosophy. "*Nirgends, Geliebte, wird Welt sein als innen,*" he says in one of these poems. From holding, like Wordsworth, that there was a divine spirit expressing itself through all things, he goes on to find that this spirit can only be found at its fullest within the human mind and soul. It may be, to summarize phrases in another of the elegies, that we have all sat full of fear before the curtain of our own hearts, but it is only there that we are really "at home." "*Die findigen Tiere merken es schon, dass wir nicht sehr verlässlich zu Haus sind in de gedeuteten Welt.*" Only by lengthy quotation could one properly convey the quality of these poems, the intellectual, spiritual quality first, and then the technical quality of the beautiful elegiac verse-form Rilke has used so well.

Rilke may be old-fashioned in Germany, but his is at least one of the most familiar names in German poetry of fifteen years before the war. Of that generation he is a worthy representative and has acquired the position due to him in all good anthologies of contemporary German poetry. This is not so with the next three poets, Theodor Däubler, Ernst Bertram, and Oskar Loerke. The reason is partly that they have not established themselves so well as Rilke, partly because they represent a contrary tendency to that which was so prevalent during and immediately after the war—the tendency towards materialist Futurism and a form of "Expressionism" which was "radical," both in technique and in politics. Most of the anthologies of contemporary German poetry published during the past six years or so have shown a "Left" bias on the part of the editor, and this is at least one reason why the three poets named may well be unknown to those who judge German poetry by the anthologies. All three, however, are well worth attention.

Däubler, who was born in Trieste in 1876, was first an art critic; he then wrote lyric poetry of an "expressionist" type, and eventually produced, first during the war and in a final edition much later, his prodigious epic "Nordlicht." Finding himself confronted by two thick volumes of over six hundred pages each, filled with closely-printed rhymed verse, many a reader may comprehensibly have left Däubler's chief work alone. (Who, in English, we may interpose, reads Charles Doughty's epics?) It would have been worth his while to persevere. We may not appreciate the complicated symbolism of the epic, the theory of the moon as female and the sun as male elements in the universe, but in his patient working out of his allegory of earth's constant striving towards the light Däubler has achieved a vertable *tours de force* of varied rhyming and rhythm, bringing vividly before the mind the essence of the great religions, from ancient Hinduism to the religious philosophy of Nietzsche, as well as the human and natural landscape against which they need to be placed. No doubt because of his origin Däubler is at his most vivid when he is describing Venice and Italian landscape generally. Italy has inspired many German poets and Däubler deserves a place in that illustrious gallery.

Herr Bertram, on the contrary, goes to the North for his inspiration. As might be expected from a writer who began as a literary and philosophical critic—his most considerable achievement is his book on Nietzsche—his work has a dogmatic and even academic background. For him the source of future civilization is the north; the south is all death and decay. This text, with the numerous variations on it, is put in the mouth of the Norns, and many of their oracular prophecies are clothed in verse of considerable dignity and impressiveness. After a welter of verse in which the glories of "internationalism" were chanted to the point of tediousness—and that theme can be a mere cult like anything else—it is a relief to read a volume which, in verse which is vigorous without tub-thumping and emphatic without loss of dignity, proclaims the opposite doctrine.

❧ ❧

Of Oskar Loerke's poetry we can only say, first of all, that it is very difficult. On a first reading several of his poems escape comprehension altogether, but there is always something in the rhythm, some faint, far-off beckoning of a meaning that encourages a second reading, and then the sense begins to reveal itself, and in so original, so thought-provoking a form that, artistic merits apart—and they are not to be underestimated—these poems may be recommended as a mental exercise, as a metaphysical study. Where space is not sufficient to give a specimen, it must be enough to say that the essence of Loerke's philosophy is the complete identification of his deepest self with nature, a process which, however, does not bring him joy or satisfaction, but the bitterness of loneliness that the world he knew with his superficial mind and senses has gone from him and only his ego remains, inseparable from the intelligent universe that surrounds it. This inadequate, abstract summary does an injustice to the boldness and originality of Loerke's images and similes; he often recalls Rilke and again Hölderlin, who was the later Rilke's master. A good preparation for the reading of Loerke, in fact, would be the reading of Rilke's "Duineser Elegien."

After the cold, classical, philosophical conceptions of Herr Loerke, Herr Haringer seems florid and rhetorical. There is nothing difficult about his verse; he has only so far missed inclusion in the "radical" anthologies by coming too late. Following the expressionist, denunciatory tradition of a Johannes Becher he excels his predecessors in the violence and deliberately shocking character of his imagery. His poems plentifully provided with words which ought to but now probably can no longer *épater le bourgeois*, denounce the hypocrisy, the misery, the sordidness, the intolerable poverty, the incredible cynicism, the brutal indifference—and all the rest of the "radical" themes of denunciation connected with twentieth century, and particularly post-war civilization. And that this is not merely a pose, a following of a fashionable literary cult, is vouched for not only by the circumstances of Herr Haringer's own life but by the sincere if at times youthful vigor of his verse. He has been hailed by some of the younger generation in Germany as the poet of the future, and their elders however they may scorn the prophecy, should at least give the poet the credit for expressing what he sees and has experienced or, if they cannot praise for anything else dwell on some of those charming, half-sentimental lyrics which Herr Haringer like so many of the "radicals" has mingled with his ultra-naturalistic outpourings in this volume.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MODERN PAINTING. By *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.* Holt.
THE GAY NINETIES. By *R. V. Culter.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
THE GLORY OF NEW YORK. By *Joseph Pennell.* Rudge. $75.

Belles Lettres

THE PRACTICAL ART OF THE SHORT STORY. By *H. M. Hamilton.* Highland Falls: Editor Council.
ROMANTICISM. By *Lascelles Abercrombie.* Viking. $2.
TO BEGIN WITH. By *Raymond Pearl.* Knopf.
MY GARDEN DREAMS. By *Ernest P. Fewster.* Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. $2.
POOLS AND RIPPLE. By *Bliss Perry.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
GOD, MAN AND EPIC POETRY. By *V. Routh.* Cambridge University Press. Macmillan).
SOME WILD NOTIONS I HAVE KNOWN. By *Roy L. Smith.* Abingdon. $1.
THE MAIN STREAM. By *Stuart Sherman.* Scribners. $2.50.

Biography

POORHOUSE SWEENEY. By *Ed. Sweeney.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.
DON JUAN OF PERSIA. Translated and edited by *Guy le Strange.* Harpers. $5.
JEAN PAUL MAROT. By *Louis R. Gottschalk.* Greenberg. $3.
MY THIRTY YEARS OF FRIENDSHIPS. By *Salvatore Cortesi.* Harpers. $3.
THE MAKING OF A MINISTER. By *Charles R. Brown.* Century. $2.
THE LAST SALON. By *Jean Maurice Pouquet.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS. By *Luther Burbank* and *Wilbur Hall.* Houghton Mifflin.

Drama

CHICAGO. By *Maurine Watkins.* Knopf.
A HISTORY OF LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA. By *Allardyce Nicoll.* Cambridge University Press, (Macmillan).

Economics

KARL MARX AND FRIEDRICH ENGELS. By D. RIAZONOV. International. 1927. $2.50.

The author of that curious gesture toward the bolstering of a doctrinaire conception, the Marx-Engels Institute at Moscow, here presents one of the less profound products of a lifetime of research. It is biography, presented as he conceives Marx would have it done, with the personalities of its subjects rising out of an industrial and philosophical background. Unquestionably one of the most interesting literary collaborations in history was this one of two Rhenish Prussians who complemented each other so perfectly. Doubtless more is to be gained, at this late date, in the study of their relations as well as their contributions by asking what it was they wanted to do, rather than by an elaborate exegesis of the origin of their opinions. But this kind of scholarship cannot be expected to come out of Communist Russia. Such books as this, therefore, are not for inquirers, but for believers who desire further grounding in the faith. The translation is awkward, as most Russian translations are.

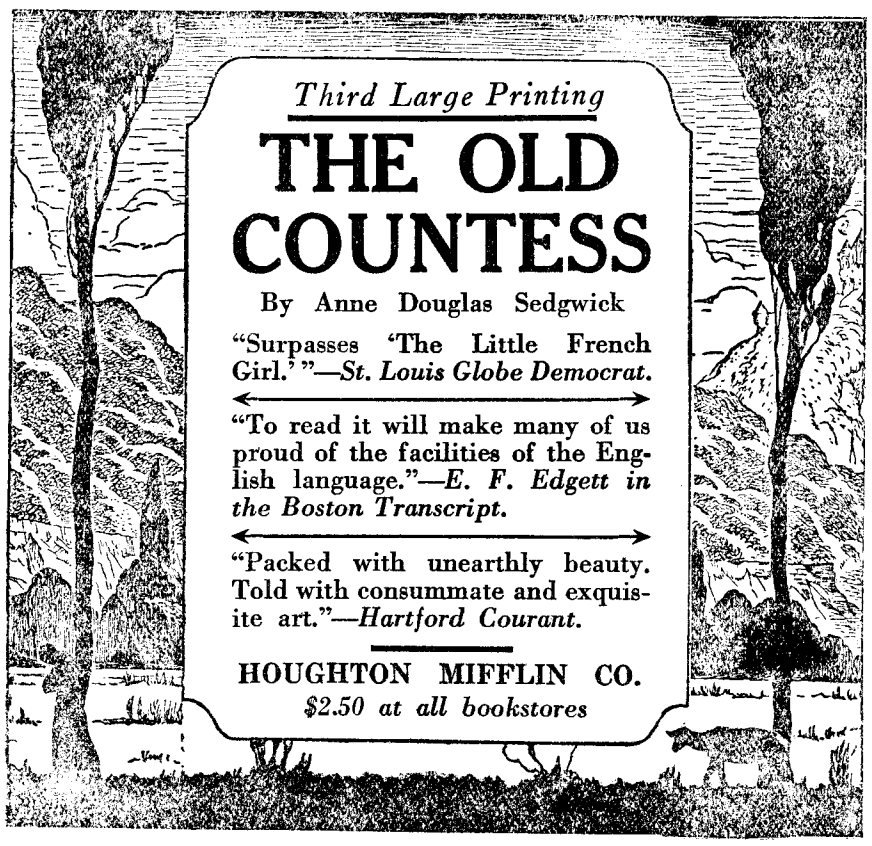
AMERICAN LABOR AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING. Harpers. 1927. $3.

Both domestic and foreign critics of the American Federation of Labor have frequently suggested that it is a body vague in principles, reactionary in policies, and out of date in methods. Mr. Walling has now come to the aid of the Federation and seeks in this book to expose the misconceptions of these critics. American Trade Unionism, he insists, has, politically and industrially, a very definite and progressive program—a program opposed both to capitalism and socialism, but based firmly on Americanism and Democracy.

In politics its method is, not to create a party expressing its own ideas, but to work through the existing parties. By supporting candidates of either party who promise to vote in accordance with labor interests it hopes to build up a Labor Bloc in Congress, strong enough to give the cause of the working-man at least as much influence as that of his employers. This, of course, is not a new policy. Non-partisan intervention in politics by the A. F. of L. began as far back as 1906. Its first considerable achievement was the Clayton Act which, it was hoped, would free Trade Unions from the menace of the injunction. The courts, however, have since found other ways of outlawing strikes, and today American Trade Unions are in a far weaker position legally than those of most European countries. The other legislation which Mr. Walling credits to labor's non-partisan policy does not seem to be of first-rate importance except for the Immigration Acts. It seems probable that this method of political agitation is, at its best, merely a preventive. It may achieve the destruction of bad measures; it seldom succeeds in constructing new ones.

In industrial matters, also, the A. F. of L. has, we are assured, an aggressive policy which is peculiarly American. It does not wish to end the capitalist system but would curb the monopolistic powers of the present rulers of industry by means of "industrial democracy"—labor participation in management. Limited measures of industrial democracy are at present rather popular among employers but in most cases their intention is to offset the influence of the Unions rather than to increase it. They appear likely to succeed in this insofar as they are able to concentrate the interest of the worker on the factory unit rather than on the industry as a whole. In any case before the A. F. of L. can hope to enforce any large degree of real industrial democracy it must reorganize itself on a broader basis. At present (and this is an essential point which Mr. Walling has slurred over), it represents mainly the diminishing aristocracy of labor, skilled craftsmen working in small shops. It must find means of organizing the millions of semi-skilled and unskilled, the workers in auto-

(*Continued on next page*)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It deserves a perusal from the seasoned collector himself for its lucid and taking style, and in view of the concise way it expresses many characteristics pertaining to the collecting activity.

George H. Sargent in the Boston Transcript:

Apart from the needed wisdom about book collecting which it imparts, there isn't a dull line in it. One who cannot get his money's worth out of this book has no business to be collecting books of any kind.

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The New Books

Economics

(*Continued from preceding page*)

mobile factories and steel mills, the robots of the second industrial revolution.

Mr. Walling is in close touch with the leaders of the A. F. of L. and his book may be taken as a semi-official statement of their views. Such a statement has long been needed, and it is a pity that the author has exercised so little care in the coherent arrangement of his material as to render the book almost unreadable.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF MODERN BRITAIN. By *J. H. Clapham.* Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.)

LABOR AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND. By *Frances Elma Gillespie.* Duke University Press.

AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By *James Oneal.* New York: Rand Book Store. $1.50.

PRODUCTION ECONOMICS. By *John D. Black.* Holt. $4.50.

THE WORKER LOOKS AT GOVERNMENT. By *Arthur W. Calhoun.* International Publishers. $1.60.

THOMAS MOORE AND HIS UTOPIA. By *Karl Kautsky.* International Publishers. $2.25.

Education

AN ANGLO-SAXON READER. By *Milton Haight Turk.* Scribners. $2.

A GUIDE TO THINKING. By *Olin Templin* and *Anna McCracken.* Doubleday, Page.

THE TEACHING AND SUPERVISION OF READING. By *Arthur S. Gist* and *William A. King.* Scribners. $1.80.

Fiction

A FREE SOUL. By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS. Cosmopolitan. 1927. $2.

The will to be a free soul is permanently implanted in motherless Jan Ashe, of the celebrated California Ashes, by her father Stephen, a famous criminal lawyer, when she is still a mere "tot." As the years pass, Jan waxes ever freer and freer, riding freely over others' feelings, conventions, prejudices, and affections, until she is freely and entirely isolated from most of her kind. But she and her father, a brilliant legal light though a chronic drunkard, are all in all to each other until Jan loves and marries "Ace" Wilfong (he is not a Chinaman), the biggest gambling-resort keeper in 'Frisco. Jan, though a wife, still believes she is free enough to "get away" with anything. Urged by this conviction, she hotly resents Ace's objection to her continued meetings with a former beau. Ace warns the offending youth to stay clear, but, finding his admonition unfollowed, kills him. The law thirsts for Ace's blood, and when he is brought to trial the chances are that he will swing. But bibulous father, emerging from the retirement of a five-year "jag" a greater spellbinder than ever, valiantly defends his son-in-law, and wins his acquittal. The novel is the trashiest product of cheap sensationalism we have recently encountered.

SHORT GRASS. By GEORGE W. OGDEN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

The turning worm theme is here the framework for a passably good Western story of the times when Kansas was considerably more wild and lawless than it is today. To the town of Pawnee Bend, near the Texas border, comes Bill Dunham, a callow granger from the eastern part of the state. He seeks a job, dislikes a fuss, is slow to anger, but when aroused is a demon with a gun. For a while Bill serves as the butt for malicious ridicule and unkindness at the hands of the bullying natives, then, goaded beyond endurance, he goes for them. When the smoke has cleared away, several of Bill's late foes are dead men and he himself lies near the brink, but recovers to be crowned a local hero and accept the office of sheriff. The chief merits of the tale seem to be the authenticity of the glimpses it gives one into historic phases of the cattle raising industry.

THE PAINTED CITY. By MARY BADGER WILSON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1927. $2.

"Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," scratch a Washingtonian and you find nothing. Such would seem to be the thesis of "The Painted City," which is a sincere effort to depict life's little ironies among the very-much-lesser officialdom of our national capital. Unfortunately sincerity will not take the place of certain less worthy but more brilliant gifts essential to the short story writer. There are evenness and balance of style in these tales, but there is no sparkle. They lead one to surmise that not all means are golden means, some are merely mediocre. The characters are drawn from government clerks and stenographers clinging precariously to their jobs and trying to keep from their thoughts a future as dull and featureless ah the past which they have dropped from their memories. The purpose of the author, as announced in the foreword, is to show the pernicious anemia which has long since undermined the vitality of this "painted city . . . a city where nobody takes a chance. A city of fear." She succeeds in making Washington utterly dull and bloodless, but she has not succeeded in keeping the same qualities out of her book. These minutiæ which make up the lives of certain people of no importance have, however, documentary interest, and you will read on from one story to the next feeling that you had always wondered what, and with what, such people thought. Several of the sketches achieve an honest pathos and none sink to sentimentality.

DEEP FURROWS. By ROBERT W. RITCHIE. Crowell. 1927. $2.

The star rewrite man of the new York *Voice,* one Larry Scott, after serving on the paper for ten years, is dismissed for negligence and inefficiency. The loss of his five-hundred a month job and the consequent reflection on his journalistic ability are hard truths for Larry to accept, but for a few months he plugs along doggedly and not unremuneratively, at free-lance magazine writing. Then the realization dawns upon him that the cure his unrestful spirit needs is a complete reconstruction such as he can achieve only by new work undertaken in another environment. Parting tenderly and temporarily from his wife, Larry hies, almost penniless, to California, and there, working as a fruit ranch laborer, he rebuilds in himself a new and better man. The story, though simply and unpretentiously related, holds one throughout by the appeal of its naturalness, plausibility, and freedom from the melodramatic.

LEAD ME INTO TEMPTATION. By FRANK HELLER. Translated by Robert Emmons Lee. Crowell. 1927. $2.

In this mildly comic novel three sedate Swedish masters of a theological seminary leave their native land for a pleasure trip to Copenhagen. The simplest-minded of the trio, Peter Mobius, has expressed a desire to be "led into temptation," and it is his funds, commandeered by the more worldly of his two companions, that defray the expenses of the adventure. Arrived in Copenhagen, Mobius, while out sightseeing alone, mysteriously disappears, being kidnapped by a gang of burglars whom he has chanced to interrupt in their work. Under their custody and coercion, extraordinary things, including the desired temptations, occur to Mobius, from the mazes of which he finally emerges with a fiancée. The book is graceful and entertaining foolishness, written by an expert hand, and well worth the attention of those who have enjoyed the fantastic "Mr. Collin" tales and other of the author's fiction in similar vein.

BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMEN. By NORA K. STRANGE. Ogilvie. 1926. $1.25.

In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Miss Anita Loos accomplished a genuinely humorous excursion into the heart of Moroniá. Miss Strange, in seeking to follow her closely, merely apes the surface of the original, seeming incapable of adding a single comedy touch of her own. The characters here, including a diarist fashioned exactly in the likeness of Lorelei Lee, are presented as English numbskulls, that bare change of nationality being the only perceptible difference they offer from their American twins of the earlier book. We would not have the slightest fault to find with this obvious copying or satirizing, had its perpetrator evinced any trace of comic facility, but she is utterly fatuous and dull. Her book contains the usual type of caricatures in Merle Johnson's illustrations.

THE UNKNOWN PATH. By BERTRAM ATKEY. Appleton. 1927. $2.

Those who have the pleasant recollections of Mr. Atkey's fine mystery novel, "The Pyramid of Lead," may not find a kindred enjoyment in reading its successor, a story in which the author unwisely attempts another medium. Job Armsman, the last of a family that for three hundred years have raised the most valuable draught horses in the Kingdom, is forced through the competition of machinery to undergo bankruptcy. He retains from the wreck two thousand pounds and the three prize horses of his stable. With these resources he starts a hauling business on a small and dubiously profitable scale, the undertaking soon being obscured by his acceptance of a wager that will either completely ruin him or make his fortune by its outcome. Though Job is anything but a dashing hero, the story is well done in spots, the magnificent work horses, in their all-important parts, providing a far more interesting spectacle than that of the unsubstantial humans.

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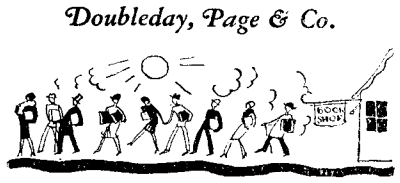

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HULA. A Romance of Hawaii. By ARMINE VON TEMPSKI. Stokes. 1927. $2.

"Hula" will startle the jaded novel-reader; by its lavishness it may tire him, but in the reading he will be decidedly interested. The Calhouns of Hana, whose misadventures and tragedies fill the pages, are a melodramatic family, decadent, horsey, rancid, sodden with alcohol. They see themselves clearly, however, and try with an impotent sort of energy to prevent the Calhoun taints from corrupting their Hula, the beautiful girl who is youngest of the clan. The frantic battle between the good and evil influences struggling for Hula is tense throughout the novel: on one side the force of tradition, heredity, and expediency; on the other a resolute young engineer captivated by Hula's graces, and to help him, the faithful old tyrant, Uncle Edwin, a half-breed cowman who through anxious years has guarded the girl and formed her character. Armine von Tempski has set the action against the brilliant background of an intoxicating, seductive Hawaii, and the extravagant loves and hates, as well as the distortions of human nature, seem justified when matched with the excesses of a tropical climate. Though "Hula" has faults in abundance (undue length, an intolerable number of characters, and a wretched style), its virtues outweigh them and make it excellent entertainment. Constantly bordering on the sensational, the novel wins its way by an irrepressible vitality.

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THE MAGIC FORMULA. By *L. P. Jacks*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE SOMBRE FLAME. By *Samuel Rogers*. Payson & Clarke. $2.50.
TALES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited by *James Southall Wilson*. Scribners. $1.
THE PEAT CUTTERS. By *Alphonse de Chateaubriant*. Dial. $2.50.
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PEACOCK HOUSE. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan. $2.50.

Foreign

LA VRAIE FIGURE DE BONAPARTE EN CORSE. By LORENZI DE BRADI. Paris: Flammarion. 1927.

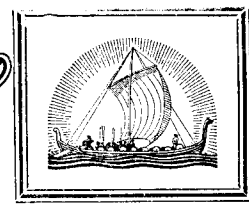
Napoleon has been written about from many angles: as statesman, administrator, strategist, lover, orator. The latest and an entirely novel addition to the bibliography of the great Frenchman comes from the pen of a talented Corsican writer, M. Lorenzi de Bradi, already well known as a novelist and as the author of a valuable study on the sources of Prosper Mérimée's Corsican romance, "Colomba." With deep love of country and passionate admiration for his hero, whom he has worshipped from childhood, M. de Bradi authoritatively disproves the fallacious theories of Bonaparte's non-Corsican origins, and "places" his illustrious compatriot in his native environment, thereby providing a clue to the basic psychology of Napoleon.

The book, which reads like a novel, evokes with rare charm the familiar haunts of the young "Nabulio," his day-dreams in the Casone grotto and at the Milelli, his skirmishes with the supporters of Paoli, who favored English influence. Incidentally, M. de Bradi, whose erudition is most skilfully concealed under a flowing narrative, corrects certain errors of the late Frédéric Masson, who stated, for example, that Napoleon, as a child, had been beaten by his mother, and, later, had forgotten the Corsican tongue. The latter half of the book contains graphic accounts of political strife on the island, and throws new light on Corsican peculiarities in the Emperor's outlook and temperament: his melancholy, his enduring superstition.

It is an interesting and little-known fact that, at various periods of his life, Napoleon worked at a "History of Corsica" which he vainly tried to get published. In his final chapter, M. Lorenzi de Bradi defines with lyrical fervor the Napoleonic (as distinct from the Bonapartist) ideal, and concludes with prophetic lines on the mythical superman which the Beauty Isle may still engender. The author is to be congratulated on the historical as well as literary value of his volume, the preparation of which has evidently been a labor of love. "La vraie figure de Bonaparte en Corse" reveals a little-known Napoleon, and is a notable contribution to the history of Corsica and of the "Man of Destiny," as well as to the elucidation of the baffling problem of the genesis of genius.

LES IMPRESSIONS SENSORIELLES CHEZ LA FONTAINE. By *Félix Boillot*. Paris Le Presses Universitaires (Oxford University Press).
LE VERIDIQUE AVENTURE DE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB. By *Marcus André*. Paris: Plon.

(*Continued on next page*)



MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT
has been selected by
The LITERARY GUILD
of AMERICA

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT

by

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

Author of

LOLLY WILLOWES

Last April Miss Warner's first novel, "Lolly Willowes," was chosen by Henry Seidel Canby, William Allen White, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, (*The Selecting Committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club*).

This April, Miss Warner's new book "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," is chosen by Carl Van Doren, Joseph Wood Krutch, Hendrik van Loon, Elinor Wylie, Glenn Frank, Zona Gale, (*Judges of The Literary Guild of America*).

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The author has spent several years in charge of Chinese missions in Honolulu, and of Japanese missions in Seattle and is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Royal Asiatic Society, and member of the American Oriental Society.

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The New Books

Pamphlets

(*Continued from preceding page*)

GREEK ABBREVIATION IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By *T. W. Allen.* Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

IS MAN A MACHINE? *Clarence Darrow* versus *Will Durant.* New York: League for Public Discussion.

GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON. Oxford University Press.

MENCKENISM. By *Joseph B. Harrison.* University of Washington.

THE LOST ADVENTURER. By *Walter Gilkyson.* Scribner's. $2.

LAMB OF GOD. By *Paul Horgan.* At Roswell.

CHAUCER AND THE RHETORICIANS. By *J. M. Manly.* Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

GOD'S ACTUAL MAN. By *Charles Frederick Stayner.* South Pasadena, Calif., Stayner.

Poetry

THE RADIANT TREE. By *Marguerite Wilkinson.* Macmillan. $2.50.

TRISTRAM. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* Macmillan. $1.75.

DARK ALTAR STAIRS. By *Leah Rachel Yoffie.* St. Louis, Mo.: Modern View Pub. Co., 210 Olive Street. $1.25.

SONNETS OF GREECE AND ITALY. By *Frederick Mathews.* Oxford University Press. $5.

UPPER NIGHT. By *Scudder Middleton.* Holt. $2.

RETURNING TO EMOTION. By *Maxwell Bodenheim.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

POEMS OF INDEPENDENCE. By *E. V. Knox.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

LOST EDEN. By *E. Merrill Root.* New York: Unicorn Press, 5 East 57th Street.

THE WHITE ROOSTER. By *George O'Neil.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

JUST FROM GEORGIA. By *Frank L. Stanton.* Atlanta. Byrd.

EIGHT BELLS. By *Frank Waters.* Appleton. $2.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM. Compiled and arranged by *Thomas Curtis Clark* and *Esther A. Gillespie.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GAY. Edited by C. C. Faber. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

THE LIBELLE OF ENGLYSHE POLYCYE. Edited by *Sir George Warner.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

RED FLAG. By *Lola Ridge.* Viking.

PENELOPE AND OTHER POEMS. By *Sister M. Madaleva.* Appleton. $1.25.

SONGS. By *John Hanlon.* Toronto: Ryerson Press.

Religion

THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT GREECE. By *Thaddeus Zielinski.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS. By *Jeddu Krishnamurti.* Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

WHY RELIGION? By *Spruce M. Kallen.* Boni & Liveright. $3.

VISIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By *Sadhu Sundas Singh.* Macmillan. $1.

WHAT MAY I BE BELIEVE? By *Edmund Davison Soper.* Abingdon. $1.50.

YOUTH AND TRUTH. By *W. A. Harper.* Century.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Translated and edited by *Albert Hyma.* Century. $2.50.

RELIGION AND MODERN LIFE. Scribners. $2.

Science

ASTRONOMY. By *Henry Norris Russell, Raymond Smith Dugan,* and *John Quincy Stewart.* Ginn. 2 vols.

THE ANT PEOPLE. By *Hans Heinz Ewers.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

MAN. By *Horatio V. Gard.* Chicago: Golden Rule Magazine. $3.50.

WAYS OF LIVING. By *J. Arthur Thomson.* Doran. $1.50 net.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ATOM. By *Benjamin Harrow.* Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

SOME FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF CELLULAR PHYSIOLOGY. By *W. J. V. Osterhout.* Yale University Press. $1.

ELEMENTS OF GENERAL ZOOLOGY. By *William J. Dakin.* Oxford University Press. $4.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ANTHROPOLOGY. By *Wilson D. Wallis.* Harpers. $3 net.

CREATIVE KNOWLEDGE. By *Sir William Bragg.* Harpers. $3.50.

HISTORY OF THE SCIENCES IN GRECO-ROMAN ANTIQUITY. By *Arnold Reymond.* Dutton. $2.50.

SCIENCE OF TODAY. By *Sir Oliver Lodge.* Harpers. $1.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH. By *Arthur Holmes.* Harpers. $1.

THE STREAM OF LIFE. By *Julian S. Huxley.* Harpers. $1.

THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By *Leonard Siff.* New York: Joseph Lawren. $1.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN PHYSICS. By *H. A. Lorentz.* Edited by *H. Bateman.* Ginn. $3.60.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE. By *Henshaw Ward.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

MAKERS OF SCIENCE. By *D. M. Turner.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Points of View

Reviewing Policies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The point made by Mr. Alfred H. Holt in the letter printed in your issue of February 26th seems to me to call for fuller comment than that made in the short note which is appended to the letter as printed. The statement that Dr. Franklin is an economist and mathematician of distinction hardly meets Mr. Holt's suggestion that a review of Professor Fisher's book by Dr. Franklin is a good deal like a review of "The Origin of Species" by Bishop Wilberforce.

Dr. Franklin has, of course, been known for a long time as an exceedingly zealous, not to say bitter opponent not only of the Eighteenth Amendment but of the policy of prohibition generally. I have not read Professor Fisher's book, but, for the sake of argument, will assume that Dr. Franklin is right in characterizing it as a partisan presentation of the opposite view. An analysis of the book by Dr. Franklin is, therefore, analogous to the brief prepared by the counsel on one side of a legal proceeding in reply to a brief prepared by the other. No right-minded judge would think of deciding a case of any importance on the strength of the assertions thus made in the heat of conflict by either counsel, however able or eminent; he would accept the contentions urged on one side or on the other only insofar as he found them sustained by his independent examination of the evidence and of the authorities.

As an argument in favor of the anti-prohibition position, Dr. Franklin's article may be weighty and persuasive; as a means whereby the ordinary reader, who lacks the equipment for independent investigation, may form some idea as to the merits of a given book, such an article has, on the other hand, almost no value.

This raises an important question as to what the note to which I have referred calls "the ethics of reviewing." I should prefer to say "the theory of reviewing," as the question seems to me one of policy rather than one of ethics. The function of the reviewer, as I have always conceived it, is quasi-judicial; that is to say, the reviewer's business, like that of the judge, is to apply to the material before him certain standards which are assumed, at least, to be generally accepted by the public for whom he writes and to give his opinion as to how the work measures up to these standards. The value of the reviewer's opinions, therefore, is largely in proportion to his openmindedness and disinterestedness; if he starts with prejudices which, in view of the infirmities of human nature, make it inevitable that he should deal with the subject in an antagonistic and partisan spirit, his conclusions are on a par with the decision of a judge who, in advance of a trial, has avowed his leaning towards one side or the other.

No one can justly call in question the right of *The Saturday Review* to invite Dr. Franklin to review Professor Fisher's book, but the implications of its so doing are important. In spite of the violent differences of opinion to which the prohibition debate has given rise, there could have been no insuperable difficulty in finding some expert capable of subjecting Professor Fisher's figures to thorough scrutiny but able, nevertheless, to do so in something approaching a judicial spirit. When *The Saturday Review,* with a full appreciation of Dr. Franklin's position, requested him to deal with this subject it ceased to that extent to perform the functions indicated by its name and assumed the rôle of a partisan in the pending controversy. It would seem, therefore, that the readers of the *Review* are fairly entitled to a statement as to how far the course taken in this matter reflects its attitude towards public questions generally. If the *Review* is a disinterested medium of literary and artistic criticism, it is to be judged by one set of standards; if it is an organ for the promotion of partisan views on the questions of the day, it is pursuing a perfectly legitimate course, but the standards by which it must be judged are very different.

Am I shooting very wide of the mark, I wonder, if I guess that the fundamental reason for inviting Dr. Franklin to contribute the article in question was neither a purpose to make the *Review* a party organ or a view as to the office of a reviewer substantially different from the one I have tried to state, but an assumption that the absurdity of the whole prohibition policy is among those axiomatic things wnich the reviewer takes as his premises? If this guess is not altogether wild, the fact serves to demonstrate one important reason why the discussion of prohibition generates so much heat and so little light. It is certainly difficult to get far in intelligent debate if, like our Methodist friends, we assume it to be too plain for argument that any liquid containing more than one-half of one per cent is always and everywhere the work of the devil and to be destroyed accordingly. It is, however, equally hard to make progress if, as seems to be true of practically all those who are popularly called "intellectuals," we begin our consideration on the assumption that the whole idea of prohibition is something so middle-class, puritanical, or,—worst of all,—Victorian that no person of mentality above that requisite for the lowest grade in a Sunday School can regard it as other than hopelessly ridiculous and that a serious weighing of the arguments pro and con is unthinkable.

HAROLD S. DAVIS

Boston.

[*The function of a critical Review is quasi-judicial but such a Review also must by necessity be a forum for discussion. No reviewer can give the final answer to a controversial question, and it is as difficult to secure an absolutely impartial point of view as it is dangerous to choose critics who are entirely for or entirely against the author. It seemed to the editors of* The Saturday Review *that they were justified in desiring to submit Professor Fisher's arguments to the scrutiny of a competent economist whose sympathies lay in an opposite direction. If* The Saturday Review *were a seat of judgment with power to enforce, the situation would have been different. But a critic combines the function of prosecuting attorney or defendant with his judicial capacity. This must be so in human nature if not in ideal right. It should be noted, however, that there is left always the recourse of a reply—which does not exist in a court after final judgment is rendered; and furthermore, that the* Review, *as occasion offers, proposes to discuss books on prohibition from all points of view and submit them to critics of the dry as well as of the wet persuasion, provided that the ideal, and perhaps non-existent, mind impartial in this subject cannot be found.*—THE EDITOR.]

Rhine vs. Thames

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In Miss Clare Howard's review of Mr. Morley's "River Thames" there occurs this sentence: "Never did a river receive so much description as this one, nor get so crowded with brave ghosts, from Hengist to Charles Frohman." The statement cannot be substantiated. The honor of which Miss Howard speaks goes by every count to the Rhine. It is the most sung river in the world. In 1838, Victor Hugo wrote: "The Rhine is as raging as the Rhone, as broad as the Loire, as surrounded by rocks as the Meuse, as rustling as the Seine, as green and fruitful as the Somme, as full of historical reminiscences as the Tiber, as royal as the Danube, as full of mysticism as the Nile, as glittering with gold as any river in America, and as full of legends and sagas as any stream of Asia." It will be noted that Hugo did not feel it necessary or relevant to mention the Thames. To the countless other writers who have lauded the glories of the Rhine space forbids individual reference. There is on my desk a book published in 1858 which lists 120 treatises, descriptive and appreciative, written on the Rhine from 1750 to 1850. That was long before the days of tourism.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

West Virginia University.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In your Reader's Guide column, February 26th, you state that Louise Jordan Miln's "It Happened in Peking" is a story of the marriage of an American with a girl half Manchu, half Russian. Following that, separated by commas, you simple state: "Dorothy Graham's 'Lotus of the Dusk' (Stokes)."

This is under the heading "R. B. H., Sheffield, Pa., asks for books of unquestioned authority relating to China, etc."

The marriage of the American above refers only to my book, "Lotus of the Dusk." I have read Mrs. Miln's book and it does not contain any matter which is similar.

DOROTHY GRAHAM.

New York.

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Of Saturday Review of Literature published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927.

County of New York } ss:
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who having been duly sworn, according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Saturday Review of Literature and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Saturday Review, Incorporated, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Stockholders are as follows: William R. Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; J. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Time, Inc., Penton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Robert A. Chambers, 55 Liberty St., New York City; Harry P. Davidson, Jr., 4 East 66th St., New York City; Manfred Gottfried, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio; William V. Griffin, 80 Broadway, New York City; Briton Hadden, Penton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Edith Harkness, 4 East 66th St., New York City; Edward S. Harkness, 25 Broadway, New York City; William H. Harkness, 4 East 66th Street, New York City; Louise H. Ingalls, 11808 Lake Shore Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio; Robert L. Johnson, 25 West 45th St., New York City; Seymour H. Knox, Marine Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Henry R. Luce, Penton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; John S. Martin, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; T. J. C. Martyn, 25 West 45th St., New York City; Morehead Patterson, 15 East 55th St., New York City; Stanley Woodward, 708 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of April, 1927.

(Seal) Charles B. Frasca.

(My commission expires March 30, 1929).

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner.* (Viking.)
COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL. By *Cameron Rogers.* (Doubleday, Page.)
THE STORY OF MUSIC. By *Paul Bekker.* (Norton.)

W. H. C., New York, asks for books on the institution of marriage, its history, and present status.

THE famous "History of Human Marriage," by E. A. Westermarck (Macmillan), has been lately condensed into a single volume that preserves the gist of the original three much as the one volume "Golden Bough" manages to hold the indispensable parts of the original shelf-full. Mrs. Bosanquet's "The Family" (Macmillan), and J. G. Dealey's "The Family in its Sociological Aspects" (Houghton Mifflin) go rapidly over its history and then survey its present-day ethical and economic aspects. The most thoroughgoing overhauling of matrimony as it now appears is in Count Keyserling's "The Book of Marriage" (Harcourt, Brace), in which there are twenty-five presentations of as many sides of the subject, arranged to fit together on a definite plan. Twenty-one of these are by German or Austrian authors, scientists, and psychiatrists: the others come from Havelock Ellis, Beatrice Hinkle, and Professor Nieuwenhuis of the University of Leyden. For this reason some of the chapters are less interesting to an American reader unless he knows more than most of us do about German history and (untranslated) literature; for instance, the chapter on "Romantic Marriage," which opens with an explanation of the advice of Luther to the Landgrave of Hesse and describes the attitude to the institution of Schlegel, Schleiermacher, Tieck, and the other Romanticists. Whether, as the preface promises, it "contains the key to the solution of every individual problem arising in married life," one may be permitted to question, but it is certain that a great many Americans are providing themselves with the book. Jacob Wassermann, who contributes to this volume—so does his wife Marta Karlweis—has a new novel called "Wedlock" (Boni & Liveright); Ernest Pascal has one called "The Marriage Bed" (Harcourt, Brace), which apparently the Boston police banned on the strength of the jacket, for the text is quite prosy—for 1927.

"The Drifting Home," by Ernest Groves (Houghton Mifflin) is an analysis of the shifting status of home life: the same author's "Social Problems of the Family" is published by Lippincott. "Conservation of the Family," by Paul Popence (Williams & Watkins), is an introduction to the study of the family as an institution. Changes in the status of women in the Near and the Far East bear on this question: a list of books on the former was lately printed here, and the latest book on the latter is "The New Japanese Womanhood," by Alison K. Fraust (Doran).

M. P., Chicago, Ill., asks if he knows Louis Dodge's delightful "The Runaway Woman" and the modern Musketeers in Henry Rideout's story called "Key of the Fields," and says that L. Allen Harker's earlier novels fit in well on such a list, and how about Booth Tarkington's "The Two Vanrevels?" After naming four novels already popular with contributors to this collection, and reminding me of a laugh-compelling record of an everyday family, Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Prestons," *M. P.* goes on: "I wish that nice man would try some of Ethel Sidgwick's gentler tales, 'Hatchways,' for instance, but I have found she is a special taste which appears where I least expect it."

This correspondent adds:—"Now won't someone start a list of the really enthralling adventure stories, not the should-likes but the stay-up-all-night-to-finish kind? Books like 'Beau Geste,' 'Key of the Fields,' two or three of the Sabatinis, 'The Lost World,' and White's 'The Mystery'." If this includes horror-stories that claw you to the page and keep you there until the clink of the milkman, I submit Bram Stoker's "Dracula" as one of the only two books that I really did sit up from dusk to daylight to read for the first time—the other being "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Also I offer the following testimonial from *D. H. S., Morganton, N. C.*: "On your recommendation in a recent Guide I purchased Mrs. Lowndes's 'The Lodger' (having read not long since her 'What Really Happened'), and think I shall sue you or your paper for the sleepless nights spent by me as I lay listening for a stealthy step. 'Wind's End,' by Asquith, did it. But didn't one's scalp tingle when Bunting's hand brushed The Lodger's cloak and felt that damp, gluey substance!" It is rare indeed to come upon a book from which emanates the true chill of horror.

L. B. C., Montrose, N. Y., asks for two small books suitable for a young man to carry when traveling in Italy as "light" as possible.

I REFERRED this at once to T. W. Huntingdon, Jr., director of the Italian Literary Guide Service, 25 West 43d street, N. Y. City, an admirable information bureau. I have reason to know how well equipped for this position Mr. Huntingdon is; I've never met him, but he has been for some time a standby of the Guide on books about Italy, and all its works, with which he has an uncanny acquaintance. He says that the one-volume Italian Baedeker, even though much out of date, is invaluable, and in addition to that, just for the sake of companionship, he is devoted to Henry James Forman's "The Ideal Italian Tour" (Houghton Mifflin). "And the moment one gets to the Continent," says he, "one should hunt for the books by Richard Bagot, in the Tauchnitz edition."

L. B. C. is already provided with the Lucas books and the "Things Seen" series, and prefers among the former "Florence" and "Rome." Before the journey begins, I would read Harold Goad's "Franciscan Italy" (Dutton), as practical preparation for anyone taking the pilgrimage route, even if not a pilgrim. It is the latest addition to Italian travel literature, and makes just as good reading at home. The hurried traveler had better keep out of this part of the world, but if he must squeeze the moments, there is a little book, "Finding the Worthwhile in Italy," by H. D. Eberlein (McBride), that helps in making plans. This is one of a series that is really not so superficial as the title implies: a traveler gets ideas for a first trip, and after that he will know what to do for a second one. Another of these helps to the beginner is "Travel in Europe Made Easy," by George Grant Chester (Dodd, Mead). This gives a good part of its time to Italy, and the advice is succinct. I have not used Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Italy!" (Houghton Mifflin), but I was told recently by a woman who used it on her fourteenth visit there that she had found out more from it and enjoyed her time more through it than from any one other book she had ever taken along. This is certainly the kind of praise that bears weight.

HE has "The Englishman in Italy," full of poems arranged by places in that country (it is an Oxford University Press book edited by Wollaston), so that "a traveler can when at the Coliseum pull it out and read the immortal lines by whoever it is." But he wants one for many places, arranged by places.

This indicates "The Magic Carpet" (Houghton Mifflin), an anthology of poems of places, arranged by Mrs. Waldo Richards. It has 350 travel poems grouped by countries, representing a variety of verse from many authors, good to read at home and in not too large a volume to be carried about. The affection in which Mrs. Richards is held by thousands of poetry lovers has been proved by their sense of personal loss when they learned, just a few days ago, of her sudden death.

Cale Young Rice has written travel poems enough to go around the world, and collected them in a volume called "The Pilgrim's Scrip" (Century). It includes poems from the British Isles, America, Honolulu, Japan, China, Burma, India, Tibet, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Italy.

My own special discovery in the way of travel poems, though I admit I use them for special purposes, unconnected with travel, are the verses of Beatrice Bernheim; "America's Great Northwest" and another volume, torn from me by British admirers so I cannot give the title, but including some priceless word-pictures of Spain. These little volumes are the only books in the world as funny as "Irene Iddesleigh," and for the same reason.

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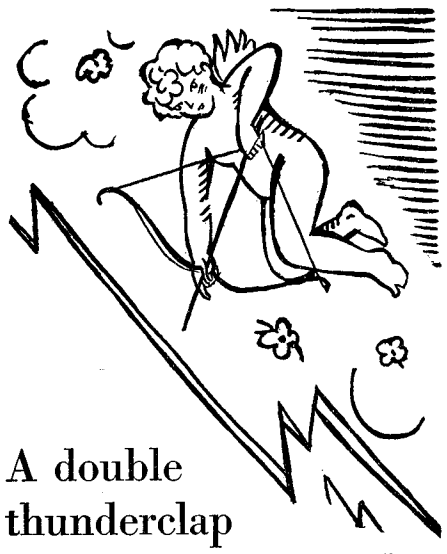

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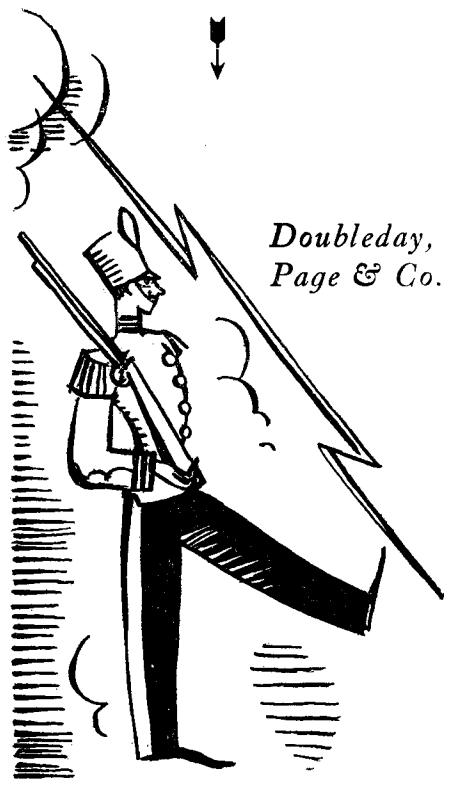

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE have met the enemy—at least, we have met *The Enemy*, and the first issue is ours. *The Enemy*, as the *London Times Lit Supp* says, is *Mr. Wyndham Lewis* in his new review of art and literature of that title. *The Enemy* was to have appeared in January, but burgeoned actually in February. Other numbers are to come out from time to time during the year. It is a large "book," in magazine parlance. It is illustrated by a number of plates by Mr. Lewis, several in color. The main contribution is Mr. Lewis's own, "The Revolutionary Simpleton," which will subsequently be published by the Arthur Press as "part of a more lengthy essay, under another name." Naturally we were interested in Chapter IX, because when what Mr. Lewis calls the *Q. Review* (as a matter of fact, *This Quarter*) came to our hands some time ago, we were as much enchanted by the antics of one whom Mr. Lewis calls *Wush* as is Mr. Lewis in this hilarious chapter. We wrote about it—but we completely surrender to *The Enemy*. Mr. Lewis has Wush on *toast*. And he knows something about *Ring Lardner*. In fact he tells almost the exact truth about Ring Lardner. "Lardner has the deep smile and hidden laughter of Indian women pounding maize. Also, if you like 'Antony and Cleopatra,' you will like Lardner. He is colossal without being dull—that is what he aims at and that is what he achieves. . . . Besides, he (Lardner) has the deep smile of Indian women *on purpose*, because it pays him to have that smile. He does not give a hoot for that smile, I guess, aside from that. Lardner one can respect." . . .

Wyndham Lewis's comparison between certain aspects of *Gertrude Stein* and certain aspects of *Anita Loos* is excellent. He writes more understandingly, more interestingly (and with sympathy) about Miss Stein than anyone we have ever read. His analysis of *Pound* is also extremely lucid. So far we have read haphazard. Then he goes into *Joyce*. This we shall reserve for a quiet evening. But we have read enough to advise all the *literati* (and, for that matter, all the non-*literati*) to get hold of *The Enemy* and read Mr. Lewis. He is exhilarating. He says many things that were itching to be said, and—he "knows his onions." . . .

The April number of *transition* (sic), whose principal agency is Shakespeare and Co., 12 rue de l'Odeon, Paris, VIe (50c a shot) contains contributions by *Joyce, Miss Stein, André Gide, Philippe Soupalt, Archibald MacLeish, Ludwig Lewisohn, Hart Crane*, and so on. Into it is folded "An Elucidation," by Gertrude Stein. *Elliot Paul* makes the explanation that "Since, unfortunately, the version of Miss Gertrude Stein's 'An Elucidation' printed in the April number of *Transition*, while containing the correct words, presented them in the wrong order (through an inadvertence in the printing establishment), the text has been rearranged and is offered as a supplement." So you certainly have a treat! Here are two versions. If the matter isn't completely elucidated to you, it's your own fault. What's that? What's it about? We don't know. . . .

Joyce's new work laid us out for two hours. There's one word on the first page goes about as follows, "badalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntounnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuck." So you see why there is going to be a big printer's strike over in Paris. . . .

But the address of The Arthur Press, that publishes Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *The Enemy*, is 113a Westbourne Grove, W., London, England. . . .

Knopf is going to bring out a series of "Notable American Trials," and the first volume, on the Scopes trial, is now being prepared. The series will contain the court records in outstanding American legal controversies, and will be of interest to the general public as well as to the legal profession. . . .

The new volume by *R. Austin Freeman*, "The Magic Casket," is a book of short stories in each of which his now famous Thorndyke is the criminal investigator and "great deteckatiff." Thorndyke seems to us to be some relation of *Sherlock Holmes's*. His personality is rather like that of Holmes, though his methods are different. He is a quieter, more studious brother, and does not resort to the needle. . . .

But we can't seem to keep away from Wyndham Lewis. Perhaps you don't know that Harpers has published his "The Lion and the Fox" in which he establishes critically a new human identity for Shakespeare. The book is creating a great deal of discussion in England. . . .

Speaking again of mystery stories, fifteen of 'em are included in a new volume by *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan) entitled "Peacock House and other Mysteries." The only thing we don't like about the book is that the type looks rather small. . . .

Witter Bynner writes us that he was about to dedicate his new house in Santa Fé with an Indian wedding—not his. Bride and groom were ready, both families willing, but the elders of the pueblo forbade it. Besides, they had told Bynner, late in the game, that his part of the entertainment must be an entire cow! . . .

Recently, in the northernmost part of New York State, in a wonderfully comfortable old farmhouse, we were present when both *Edna St. Vincent Millay*, author of "The King's Henchman," and *Elinor Wylie*, author of "The Orphan Angel," were saying extremely nice things about *George O'Neil's* new book of poems, "The White Rooster." Miss Millay read several of the poems aloud and professed a special delight in "Garden Incident. It was an experience to hear her read,

The hound that runs alone
Has turned himself to stone.
The urns upon the wall
That let the water fall
Have whispered, dripped, desisted.
The basin that was wide
Has narrowed on a side,
The marble edge has twisted.

Elinor Wylie elected as one of her favorites, "Inlander," which beautifully begins:

She, with her face of pallid coral,
Her mouth of shell, her hands,
Rose where the silver rocks were floral
And stood upon the sands.

A green wave shattered on her thighs,
Red sea-moss dragged her feet;
Her hair hung down all willow-wise
And shook a golden sleet.

"Ask Me Another! The Question Book" has broken all records for quick selling, having sold over one hundred thousand copies during the first month of its publication. It is now in its 201st thousand, reports the Viking Press. The latest successor to it is Brentano's "The Quiz Book," edited by The Inquisitors. . . .

Sylvia Townsend Warner's first book, "Lolly Willowes," was chosen by the selecting committee of The Book-of-the-Month Club, and now her second book, "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" is the second publication of the Literary Guild of America. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. *Francis Brett Young* are sailing for home on the 23rd of this month on the *Conte Biancamano*. They are returning to Anacapri, on the island of Capri, where they have a villa overlooking the bay of Naples. Here Mr. Brett Young's latest two-volume novel, "Love Is Enough" was written. Among other departing authors, *Elinor Wylie* sails on the same date on the *Paris* to land at Plymouth and spend a summer mostly in England. . . .

Dorothy Allers writes us that *Rupert Brooke's* poem, "The Pink and Lily," which we recently printed as taken from a framed copy in a Princes Risborough pub, can also be found in "Rupert Brooke. A Memoir," by *Edward Marsh*, published in New York by John Lane and Company in 1918. The verses appear on page 45 of the book. . . .

A small book has appeared out of nowhere from a firm called Philip Allan & Co., Ltd., London, England. Its title has such a lilt that we must repeat it to you, "A Little Book of Loneliness for Those Who Are Wont to Be Alone." A title which contains an excellent book idea by the way. . . .

If you are interested in the Chinese situation you'll find "The Manchu Cloud" quite up to date. It is a novel by *James W. Bennett*, published by Duffield. . . .

Webb Waldron sends us a postcard from Stamboul and informs us that he and his wife are having a gorgeous trip on a freight ship around the Mediterranean. They've seen Egypt and Syria and now are for two weeks in Constantinople. . . .

Well, everybody sails but Father!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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"You're all to blame that I've become what I am. Not merely Father and Mother. Rudi's to blame too, and Fred, and everybody; yes, everybody because no one has troubled himself about me. A little caress when you look pretty, a little anxiety when you have fever; they send you to school and you take lessons in piano and French at home; in the summer you go to the country and on your birthday you get presents; and they talk about all sorts of things after dinner. But what I feel—the things stirring and trembling within me—have you ever thought of that?"

We came across the above passage the other day on page 83 of *Arthur Schnitzler's Fräulein Else*, reread for the fifteenth time. It seemed so *apropos* of many things happening these days that we overcame our temptation to withhold it from *The Inner Sanctum*.

Just for fun (and on a bet) we picked the ten most intelligent looking men we met between *The Times Building* and *The Hotel Astor*, and asked them: "Who is *Will Durant?*"

Five said that *Will Durant* makes automobiles, one said he writes articles on Physiology for the *Evening Graphic*, and the other four never heard of him.

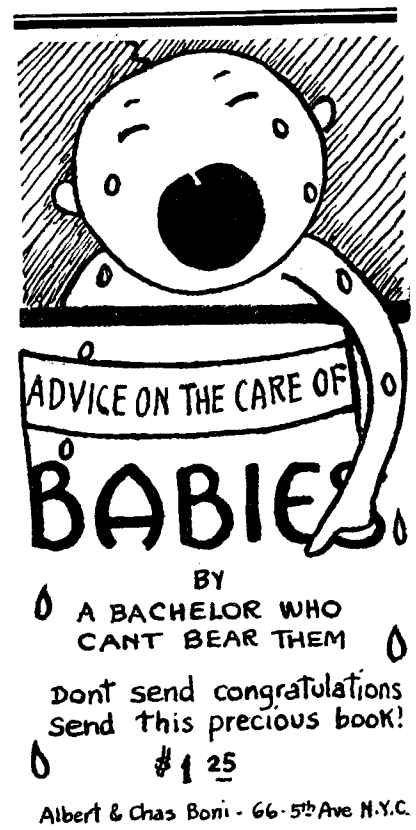
Which proves what a Scientific Investigation will do to puncture the ego of an Advertising Department. The Sales Department, on the other hand, is elated over the Investigation. With 141,000 copies of *Durant's Story of Philosophy* sold to date, the above Investigation shows that the Surface hasn't even been Scratched.

If there is one question we have had to answer more often than any other the past month it is: "Why didn't you publish that question book?" Our most frequent answer is: "Ask Me Another". The fact is the manuscript was brought to *The Viking Press*, who had the foresight to publish it forthwith. Possibly because we originally brought out *The Cross Word Puzzle Books*, we have since then been bombarded with Question and Quiz manuscripts of every description, at an average of six a day. Should this paragraph happen to meet the attention of question compilers, oyez!: we have accepted no books for publication that are calculated to "crash this market," and we are interested in none.

Our City Salesman inquired at three New York stores (*Brentano's, McDevitt-Wilson* and *Macy's*) the name of the fastest selling book on Auction. *Lenz on Bridge* tops the list at these shops. At *Brentano's*, L. on B. is placed up at the front of the store, with the ten best sellers in Non-Fiction.

A Tip for the Hard Boiled Detective Story Reader: Between now and next Friday read *The Three Taps* by *Ronald Knox*. If you don't agree with the superlatives this book receives daily, please bring it to our shop for the $2.00 refund.

—ESSANDESS



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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A LITERARY PROBLEM SOLVED

A JURY consisting of William Lyon Phelps, Brander Matthews, Stuart Sherman and—after the latter's death—Irving Putnam has settled a problem that has puzzled the literary world for three-quarters of a century. The question was, Who wrote "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer," a narrative of adventure in the War of 1812, edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne and published serially in the *Democratic Review* in 1846 under the title, "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner." After the discovery of a portion of the original manuscript among Hawthorne's posthumous papers last year, the entire work was published in book form under the new title, "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer," by Funk & Wagnalls Company, with an introduction by Clifford Smyth. Dr. Smyth, owner of the missing manuscript was of the opinion that Hawthorne was not its author. The publishers, wishing to solve the problem, offered $500 reward for the name of the author, with proof of authorship. The problem has been solved. Four men—William W. Hill and E. B. Steele of Boston, F. A. Emmerton of Cleveland, and Arthur R. Thompson of Hartford, Conn.,—have furnished the proof and the reward has been divided among them. It appears that "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer" was written by Benjamin Frederick Browne of Salem, Mass., a neighbor of Hawthorne's, and that it is a true account of Browne's own youthful experiences, written in middle life and published serially with Hawthorne's aid. One of the winners, using clues in the book itself, found his proofs in the files of the Public Record Office in London, where Browne's name was listed among those of the Americans captured on the privateer Frolic in 1814, and held in Dartmoor Prison for more than a year. The other three found their proof nearer home, and it was equally conclusive.

T. J. WISE'S CATALOGUE

THE first volume of Thomas J. Wise's "Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts, and Autograph Letters" of the collection known as the Ashley Library was printed in 1922. The eighth volume, comprising Wordsworth, Wise, Wycherley and Yates, and a supplement, has just appeared. The ninth and final volume, an index, is in preparation. The supplementary pages, constituting the major portion of the volume just published, are rich in Conrad and Rossetti manuscripts. But the great prize in these books, gathered since the publication of the catalogue began five years ago, is a collection of thirteen folio volumes of seventeenth century divinity, which were once lodged in an attic in Highgate. They were not all Coleridge's books, and some of them were not even Lamb's. But in all of them the marginalia of "S. T. C." abound; whole fly-leaves are filled with criticism, argument, and ecstatic comment. Most of these notes, though by no means all, are printed in the "Literary Remains," but Mr. Wise quotes enough to show that the editor took grave liberties with the text, and there is a good reason now why there should be a new edition.

"THE AMERICAN COLLECTOR"

IN the April number of *The American Collector*, just published, its editor makes an announcement that will be of interest to collectors generally. The *American Collector* is to be incorporated, R. L. C. Lingel, the New York rare book dealer, being the main stockholder. Charles F. Heartman will continue as editor, and Dr. W. N. C. Carleton, of Williamstown, Mass., and Temple Scott, of New York, will be associate editors. Mr. Heartman is confident that the relief from business details and the assistance of his two associate editors will enable him greaty to improve the *American Collector*, and to fill the demand for it that undoubtedly exists. Mr. Heartman has made a persistent fight to establish this magazine, and many booklovers will wish him the success which he and his enterprise so clearly merits.

DE VINNE'S "OFFICE PRACTICE"

THE press of Ars Typographica has just published the "Manual of Printing Practice," by Theodore L. DeVinne, reprinted from the original edition of 1883, with an introductory note by Douglas C. McMurtrie. This little book, a 12mo of 52 pages, bound in gray boards, is essentially a document bearing on the history of American printing, as its author was one of the greatest of American printers, and these regulations and rules of the DeVinne Press will be useful to the wide awake printer, and of interest to students of typography. This handbook is not listed in any bibliography of Mr. DeVinne's writings. It is not in the library of the Grolier Club, with which Mr. DeVinne was closely connected from the organization of the club until his death. The Typographic Library and Museum only acquired their copy a few years ago. Manifestly it was not intended for the eyes of outsiders, but was addressed to members of his own staff exclusively. Mr. McMurtrie says that "a reading of the text will demonstrate that it should be ranked among the best of Mr. DeVinne's contributions on the practice of typography. For this reason, because of its apparent rarity, and because of its interest as a document bearing on the history of American printing, it was decided to issue this reprint, which is slightly larger in format than the original, and set in slightly larger type. . . . This concentrated statement of printers' "horse sense" as applied to shop practice cannot fail to be of interest to admirers of Mr. DeVinne." This is all true and to the point. Its publishers have rendered a real service in making this manual available, and deserve thanks especially for the appropriate typography of the book itself.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," a fine copy in the original wrappers, made a new high record, $3,250, at the recent Burrage sale at the American Art Galleries.

It is reported that the original manuscript of "El Cid," written in the fourteenth century, now owned by nuns in an aristocratic Spanish convent, is available for an American collector, if he will pay 1,000,000 pasetas for it. The Spanish government has declined to pay that price for it.

Aremaine McDowell is writing an account of the life of William Cullen Bryant from 1794 to 1829 and will be grateful if persons possessing letters or other manuscripts concerning the poet will communicate with him at Yale University.

The New York Public Library has been offered, at prices far below its actual value, that part of the library of the late Harry Houdini which was not included in his bequest to the Library of Congress, by the widow of the magician.

Warren A. Weaver's "Lithographs of N. Currier and Currier & Ives" is a useful volume for print collectors and dealers. It contains an alphabetical list of more than 3,000 N. Currier and Currier & Ives prints, and also the prices at which 1,275 of them have been sold at auction sales or in print shops in New York.

The Nonesuch Press of London has issued Thomas Otway's "Works," 3 vols., crown quarto, in an edition uniform with the Nonesuch Congreve, Wycherly, and Rochester. It is edited by Rev. Montague Summers, and the limited edition of 1,250 copies is said to be the "first complete, accurate, and accurately annotated text of Otway."

"The Letters of Franz Joseph I," selected from the secret archives at Vienna and edited by Dr. Otto Ernst, will be published in an English translation this spring. It is said that new sidelights will be thrown on the political activities of the emperor, as well as on the personality of the man himself, during a period covering more than sixty years.

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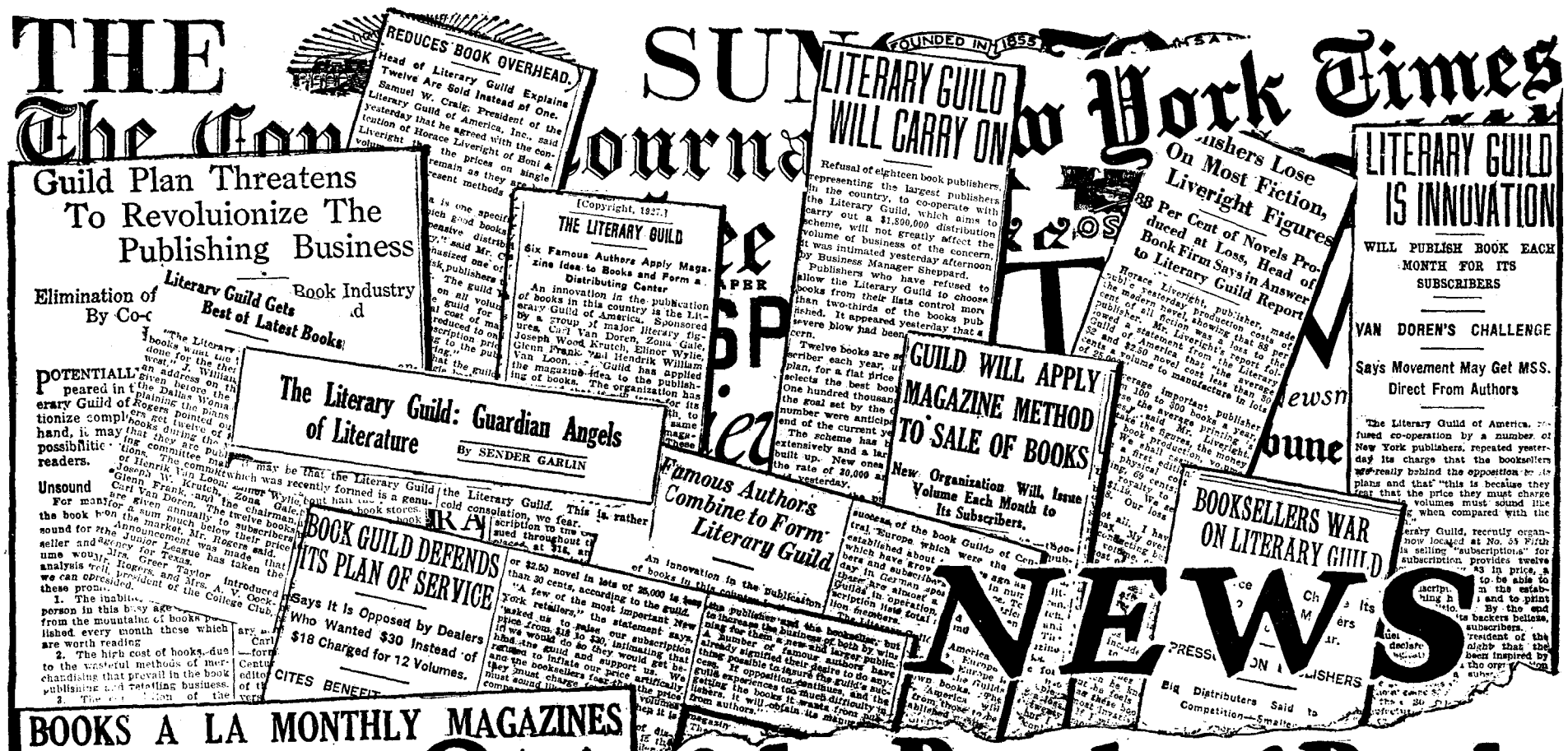
REDUCES BOOK OVERHEAD.
Head of Literary Guild Explains Twelve Are Sold Instead of One.
Samuel W. Craig, President of the Literary Guild of America, Inc., said yesterday that he agreed with the contention of Horace Liveright of Boni & Liveright that the prices on single volumes remain as they are
Guild Plan Threatens To Revoluionize The Publishing Business
Elimination of Book Industry By Co-operation
Literary Guild Gets Best of Latest Books
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chandising that prevail in the book
publishing and retailing business.
3. The
[Copyright, 1927.]
THE LITERARY GUILD
Six Famous Authors Apply Magazine Idea to Books and Form a Distributing Center
An innovation in the publication of books in this country is the Literary Guild of America. Sponsored by a group of major literary figures, Carl Van Doren, Zona Gale, Joseph Wood Krutch, Elinor Wylie, Glenn Frank and Hendrik Willem Van Loon. The Guild has applied the magazine idea to the publishing of books. The organization has
The Literary Guild: Guardian Angels of Literature
By SENDER GARLIN
It may be that the Literary Guild which was recently formed is a genuine book stores.
the Literary Guild. This is rather cold consolation, we fear.
BOOK GUILD DEFENDS ITS PLAN OF SERVICE
Says It Is Opposed by Dealers Who Wanted $30 Instead of $18 Charged for 12 Volumes.
CITES BENEFIT
or $2.50 novel in lots of 25,000 to
than 30 cents, according to the Guild.
"A few of the most important New York retailers," the statement says,
asked us to raise our subscription price from $18 to $20, intimating that if we would do so they would get behind the Guild and support us. We refused to inflate our price artificially and the booksellers fear that they must charge
Famous Authors Combine to Form Literary Guild
An innovation in the publication of books in this country
the publishers and the booksellers; but ing for them a new and larger public. A number of famous authors have already signified their desire to do anything possible to insure the Guild's success. If opposition continues, and the Guild experiences too much difficulty in getting the books it wants from publishers, it will obtain its manu
from authors.
FOUNDED IN 1853
LITERARY GUILD WILL CARRY ON
Refusal of eighteen book publishers, representing the largest publishers in the country, to co-operate with the Literary Guild, which aims to carry out a $1,800,000 distribution scheme, will not greatly affect the volume of business of the concern, it was intimated yesterday afternoon by Business Manager Sheppard.
Publishers who have refused to allow the Literary Guild to choose books from their lists control more than two-thirds of the books published. It appeared yesterday that a severe blow had been
cern.
Twelve books are
scriber each year,
plan, for a flat price
selects the best boo
One hundred thousan
the goal set by the
number were anticip
end of the current ye
The scheme has
extensively and a lar
built up. New ones
the rate of 20,000 a
yesterday.
GUILD WILL APPLY MAGAZINE METHOD TO SALE OF BOOKS
New Organization Will Issue Volume Each Month to Its Subscribers.
New York Times
Publishers Lose On Most Fiction, Liveright Figures
88 Per Cent of Novels Produced at Loss, Head of Book Firm Says in Answer to Literary Guild Report
Horace Liveright, publisher, made public yesterday figures showing that 88 per cent of all fiction was a loss to publishers. Mr. Liveright's report followed a statement from the Literary Guild of America that the Literary Guild's $2.50 novel cost less than 50 cents a volume to manufacture in lots
LITERARY GUILD IS INNOVATION
WILL PUBLISH BOOK EACH MONTH FOR ITS SUBSCRIBERS
VAN DOREN'S CHALLENGE
Says Movement May Get MSS. Direct From Authors
The Literary Guild of America, fused co-operation by a number of New York publishers, repeated yesterday its charge that the booksellers are really behind the opposition to its plans and that "this is because they fear that the price they must charge volumes must sound like when compared with the
erary Guild, recently organ- now located at No. 55 Fifth is seller "subscription," for subscription provides twelve $3 in price, a to be able to n the estab- and to print By the end its backers believe, subscribers. resident of the night that she been inspired by the org
BOOKSELLERS WAR ON LITERARY GUILD
Big Distributers Said to Competition—Smalle
NEWS
BOOKS A LA MONTHLY MAGAZINES
"Literary Guild" To Publish Manuscript Every 30 D
BY THE NEA BOOK SURVEY
THE European idea of publishing books much in the same fashion as magazines are published has finally reached America and, tho its eventual appearance might have been expected, its reception by assorted publishers recalls the welcome of Countess Cathcart
Its imposing title is the Literary Guild in America. Its list of editors is no less imposing.
Carl Van Doren—Editor-in-chief, who, in the sanctums of the Guild offices and mayhap even in his chair at Columbia University, puffs at one of those cosmopolitan corncob and clay pipes.
Glenn Frank—Late editor of Century whose eyes, it is said, have not been sullied by reading a novel in these now five years, but whose taste in history, philosophy and such cannot be sneezed at without stirring the placid waters of Lake Minnetonka (Wis.)
Elinor Wylie—Perhaps the best of our lady poets, even when writing novels, and of whom James Branch Cabell said that she headed the national parade in feminine erudition.
Hendrik Willem Van Loon—Who has reduced mankind, the Bible, et al, to words of one syllable, plus pictures.
Joseph Wood Krutch—Who
BOOK PUBLISHERS MAY ADOPT PLAN USED IN EUROPE
BY THE NEA BOOK SURVEY
The European idea of publishing books much in the same fashion as magazines are published has finally reached America and, though its
eventful appearance might have been expected, its reception by assorted publishers recalls the welcome of Countess Cathcart.
Its imposing title is the Literary Guild in America. To belong to an organization bearing such an implication of the intellectual should, in itself, be worth the price of admission to the dwellers in Hawk's Centers. Its list of editors is no less
BUT seriously—these eminent personages of the literary world are going to select one original manuscript a month and to its publication and distribu
One may subscribe to it would a magazine and t
cost materially. The
some 12 such guilds
with a circulation
The Saturday Ev
Most of
Out of the Battle of Books Emerges One Fact—

CARL VAN DOREN.

Some Early Subscribers:

George Vincent,
President Rockefeller Foundation
Louis Marshall,
America's foremost authority on Constitutional Law
W. E. Woodward,
Novelist and Historian
Boardman Robinson,
Artist
Colonel Henry D. Lindsley,
Past National Commander American Legion
Father Francis Duffy,
Fighting Chaplain of the 69th Division
Augustus Thomas,
Dean of American Playwrights
Mrs. Oswald G. Villard,
Wife of well-known publisher of Nation, and former publisher New York Evening Post
Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid,
Publisher New York Herald Tribune
George Foster Peabody,
Banker

Read the Classics of Tomorrow Now!
Join the Literary Guild

A "Close-up" on the Editors —*from the St. Paul News*

"Carl Van Doren—editor-in-chief, who in the sanctums of the Guild offices and mayhap even up in his chair in Columbia University, puffs at one of those cosmopolitan corncob and clay pipes.

"Glenn Frank—late editor of Century, whose eyes, it is said, have not been sullied by reading a novel in these now five years but whose taste in *history, philosophy* and such cannot be sneezed at without stirring the placid waters of Lake Minnetonka (Wis.).

"Elinor Wylie—perhaps the best of our lady poets, even when writing novels, and of whom James Branch Cabell said that she headed the national parade in feminine erudition.

"Hendrik Willem van Loon—who has reduced mankind, the Bible, et al, to words of one syllable, plus pictures.

"Joseph Wood Krutch—who writes in the Nation the most penetrating of dramatic reviews and who played the 'Liebestraum' from Freud over the memory of the late Mr. Poe."

(Zona Gale—is the sixth editor. She is the author of Miss Lulu Bett, Preface to a Life, and other widely read novels.)

Through the Literary Guild you get current good books for less money

ONE bright Saturday the Literary Guild, going on its even way, was startled to see on the front page of the New York Evening Post an attack on its plan. The story in the Post said that by reducing the price of books to its subscribers the Guild might destroy the bookstores.

From one end of the country to the other, in every large city, the newspapers flared into print with the story of the Guild and its opponents. Reporters crowded into the office of the Guild. For several days the work of the executives was disorganized while they gave interviews to the newspapers.

Most people who have anything to do with writing or selling books have felt that the interest in books in the United States was limited to a very few people. Very encouraging was the contradiction shown by this eager excitement about the Guild and the price of books. But out of all the furor—out of the hundreds and hundreds of stories—emerged one fact: that books—good books—*good new books—cost less through the Guild*—cost about one-half through the Guild of what they would cost you through the bookstores.

The Literary Guild of America abolishes the risk of uncertain editions and helter-skelter distribution. Its plan is to publish for an organized body of subscribers in advance. These will receive twelve books—one each month—as they would a magazine.

The Guild plan follows logically on the yearly subscription idea of magazines.

Your books are selected for you by an Editorial Board of distinguished critics. The books are chosen from original manuscripts—not from books already published. These manuscripts are submitted by any publisher or author in America and Europe.

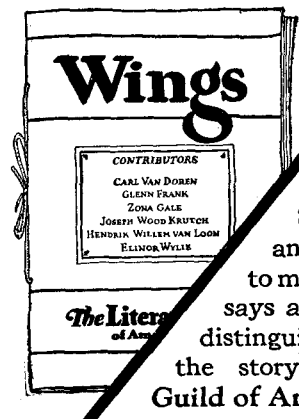
Copy of "Wings" Sent Free

Sixteen lively pages of essays, diagrams, illustrations, cartoons, telling why books used to cost more and why they are going to cost less. The contributors to "Wings" are the Editors of the Literary Guild.

Partial Contents Are:

1. "The Wall between Writer and Reader," by Carl Van Doren.
2. "The University of One Student," by Glenn Frank.
3. "Literature in Small Towns," by Zona Gale.
4. "Special Value of the Literary Guild," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
5. "The Reading Years," by Elinor Wylie.
6. Cartoon, by Hendrik Willem van Loon.
7. Why the Low Price?

The April book of the Literary Guild is now being distributed to subscribers. To make sure that this beautiful and distinguished novel is part of your subscription, send the coupon at once.



THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

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